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Vol. CLXXVIII No. 2327 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC AUGUST 26 1944

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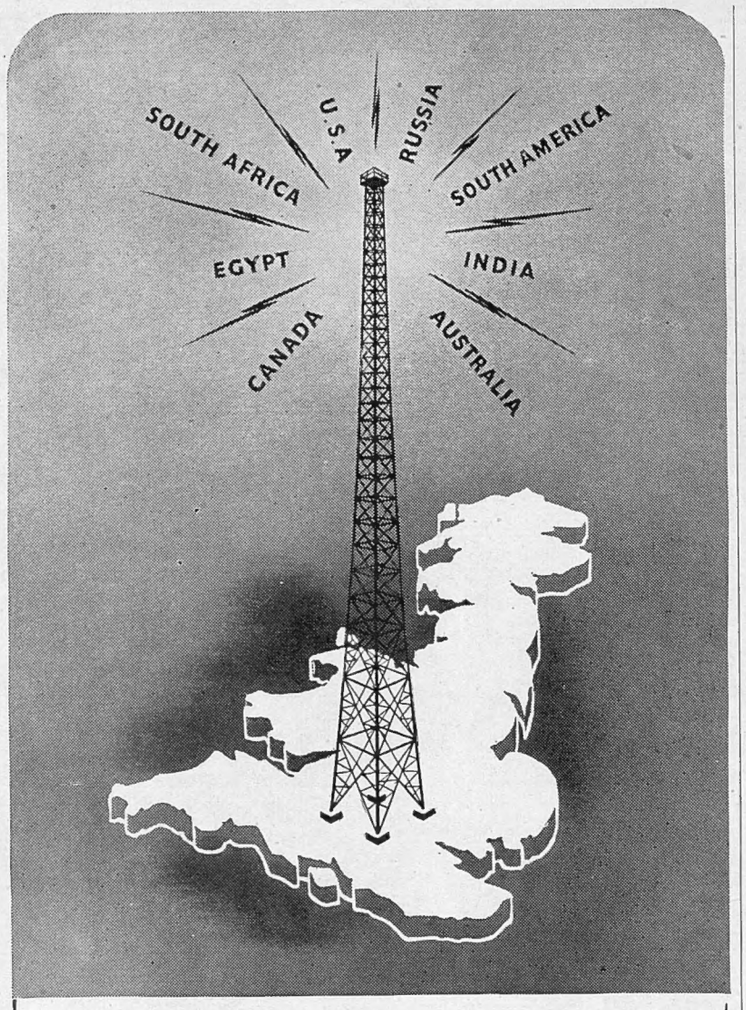

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Volume CLXXVIII No. 2327 The SPHERE, London, August 26, 1944

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

AIR SUPREMACY IN THE FALAISE "POCKET." THE R.A.F. SMASH THE FLEEING GERMAN COLUMNS AS THEY SEEK TO ESCAPE FROM THE "GAP."
A dramatic picture taken from the air which shows what happened in one Normandy village

After the jaws of the great pincer in Normandy had begun to close on the remnants of von Kluge's Army around Falaise, the Germans made frantic efforts to escape from the threatened catastrophe. This graphic picture shows the scene of confusion in one Normandy village which resulted from the headlong flight of the Germans. It was taken above the village of Clinchamps, which lies seven miles to the south-east of Falaise, where there was a scene of great congestion as the Germans pulled out to the east. Part of the retreating column is seen to be cutting across a field (in the upper right centre), while on the road itself the traffic is two or three abreast, all going in one direction—out of the "gap." Other enemy vehicles may be seen (in the bottom left) rounding a large bomb crater lying in their path: many of these vehicles have been camouflaged with branches of trees. As the situation for the Germans became more critical, the enemy was forced to use the roads openly by day. To destroy the fleeing columns, the Second Tactical Air Force put every available aircraft into the air. Many of the German convoys were jammed bumper to bumper, and a great toll was taken by Spitfires, Typhoons, Mustangs and other Allied aircraft. The scene depicted above was duplicated at a number of other points

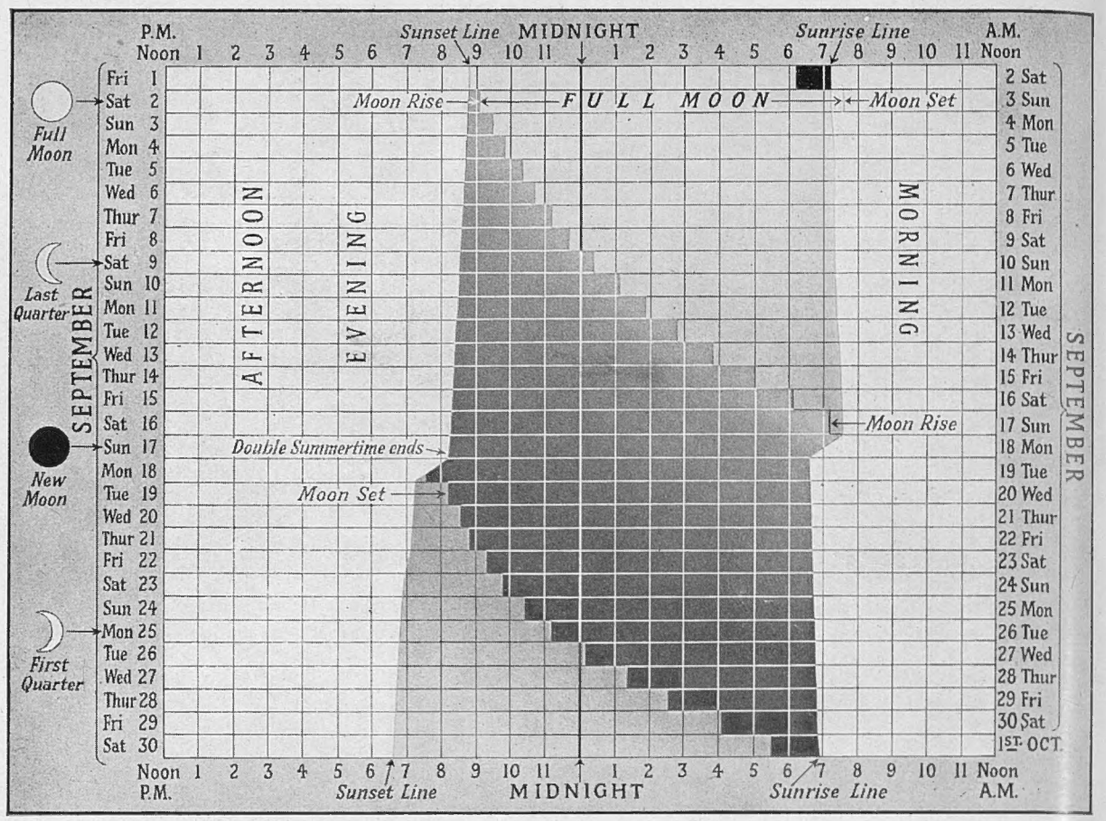
Postage—Inland, 2d.: Canada and Newfoundland, 1d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 1½d.

A WAR NEWSLETTER —No. 260

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

The New Front.—The new front—to identify it safely, call it the Toulon-Cannes front—came perhaps as a greater surprise to the local Nazi garrison than to the British public at home. It made a fine beginning at a very trifling cost. The objectives were secured according to schedule, and for some days to come the process of building-up the beachhead will be the main business there and interest over here. We are becoming familiar with the process of consolidating these landings by the three arms of the Services. Indeed, we have, among the Allies, perfected an operation of enormous difficulty which will produce one day the military text-book which may teach our enemies of the future how to solve the secret of our long immunity from invasion. We have taught the world that a landing on a hostile coast can be smoothly and effectively made by careful attention to detail—with the trifling addition of air and sea supremacy. What a lesson for ourselves as islanders: to keep our supremacy by sea and in the air! No other safeguards can preserve our island security henceforth until war is eliminated—which may be a long day. I suppose that of all the possibles, a landing there and thereabouts was the most probable in our minds. The ships, we knew, were still there in some force. The knowledge was on the spot. The surprise lay in the presence of enough troops of all categories for the operation. Churchill was on the spot. His talks with Tito may have produced a last-minute red herring to confuse the signs of the air preparation in the area selected. That the Nazis had weakened their garrisons to a skeleton force was everybody's secret. It looks like a happy choice. The prizes are many and not very remote. Success will soon enough embarrass the Germans in Italy, hit the surviving U-boat bases another crippling blow, secure us splendid air bases on the mainland and link us up with the best organised of the Maquis forces. More remote, but not too remote, is the prospect of linking up with the armies of Montgomery.

An Astounding Achievement.—The British Army has been praised for centuries as a right and tight little fighting force. Only once before have we had a "Continental" army; and that army was not really employed in grand-scale Continental *strategy*. What praise was going in that line went to Foch. To-day it is very different. The British and American armies and their leaders are practised in grand strategy on a scale undreamed of by military writers in 1937 or before. They see things on a bigger scale, and concern themselves with details on a smaller scale, than (allowing for changing conditions) Cæsar, or Marlborough, or Wellington, or Napoleon ever did. And this astonishing fact is brought about by the work and training, the planning and the will-power of less than three years. It will need a long chapter in the shortest volume of modern history to record these astounding events and achievements. It was only "yesterday" that the Americans were accorded no mention on the Continent as a military Power in any degree. And only "the day before" that the British were regarded as "good for a couple of well-trained army corps!" Many a great captain of the past might well sit up and rub his eyes. A British Field-Marshal to-day deserves the name, and makes a Napoleonic Marshal a lesser figure than he has hitherto bulked in history. The French tradition of military supremacy was built up on 200 years of experience, and the world bowed to it until 1940. In three years . . .



THE "SPHERE" MOONLIGHT CHART FOR THE MONTH OF SEPTEMBER, showing the period of no moonlight and the period when the moon will be at its full

A limited number of these charts will be supplied free of charge on application to the Publisher, "The Sphere," Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, W.C.1, but 2½d. in stamps must be enclosed with the application

The War and the Prophets.—Such a wave of hysterical optimism "shook" the columns of the more exuberant Sunday newspapers on August 13 that the simple man must have been moved to burn his black-out material in a glorious first autumn bonfire. The news from Normandy, even that given out by accredited staff officers at Montgomery's H.Q., was certainly good. On that day an immense victory was in the bag, but the strings of the bag were not yet drawn in. And, indeed, to the less exuberant mind, the tying of those strings did not appear to be the last act of this world war. It struck me that restraint should still be the keynote of all prophecy. But "ten outstanding people" burnt their boats and black-out, and threw their hats in the air. Let me list these prophets: Sir George Courthope, M.P., told Bexhill (a town which needs good news) that all would be over with Germany on August 31; Lord Winterton put the end between October 1 and December 31; Lord Strabolgi napped November 30; Lord Vansittart "has said for eighteen months that the end would come in 1944"; Sir Herbert Richmond banks on the end before winter; Will Lawther puts it "before November"; Jan Masaryk naps October 28 or before; Sir William Darling puts it during this winter; Clemence Dane is *not* renewing her black-out curtains; Sir Reginald Bacon allowed two months more. These are all "outstanding people." A superman would probably have refused—very courteously—to commit himself at all. But minor prophets will always burn their boats on a mere hint of receiving honour in their own country. Such draughts of champagne are heady and dangerous in reaction. Nevertheless, I will forgive all these minor prophets and accord them honour unstinted, if they prove correct within the latest date. All save Sir George Courthope. *Him* I cannot forgive for his August 31, even if he prove utterly right, for even superhuman knowledge and wisdom should not risk a date in the present month I have put them all in a pillory. It only remains to see whether we pelt them with flowers or rotten eggs. I hope it will be flowers—and summer flowers at that. Those who indulge in prophecy on this subject are not as other accursed criminals under our laws. On the contrary, they are assumed to be criminals until they are proved innocent and correct.

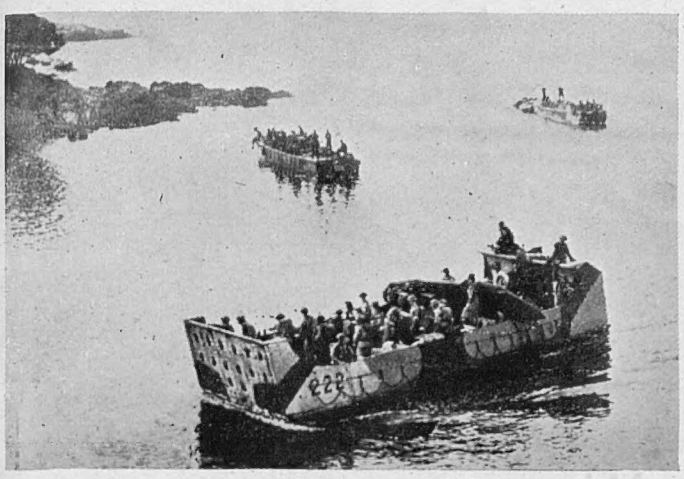
The Long View and Long Tunnel.—The official strategist knows more of what is possible and can (and must) take the longer view. The long view is usually the clear view. The man in the streets of London, God knows, is patience and guts personified. He takes it all smiling and waits for more of the same sort. Yet we, who are not official strategists and very far from being "in the know," may excuse a little wishful thinking and even a little impatience in the heart of the Londoner (with another winter before him which will probably be hard and cold and coalless) concerning any check or any strategic plan which seems to defer the cleaning-up of the Pas de Calais and adjoining coastlines. There is still time. It is not impossible that Londoners may eat their Christmas dinners without the fear of interruption at least by robots. The long view may prove the short cut, or the official choice may prove to be the Londoner's choice. Things have moved fast enough in Normandy of late, and will move fast again in Russia. And (for comfort) there is always the inexorable logic, the mathematical certainty, of German wastage in men and armour, planes, transport and essential oil supplies. The Nazi elastic is stretched taut. It must snap in a matter of months. London and Britain have been in the tunnel for five years. Now at last one can see to read by the light filtering from its farther end

As Londoners May See It.—Londoners, who do a lot of guessing and prophesying about coming events in this summer campaign, have a better right to succumb even to wishful thinking than have most Britons. For they take the attacks of the flying bombs with a fortitude and patience quite admirable, but fully deserving of the light relief of hopes of alleviation. I should say they are not as completely hopeful as are their sons and brothers who are fighting in Normandy. For one thing, they are much more prone to the depressing influence of lulls and checks on the *whole* world front. For Londoners at home, the horizon is wide: *His* front is obscured by distance and confused by lack of personal contact. It stretches from Riga to the Balkans, and thence through Italy to France, and from France to Norway, to complete an almost total ring again at Riga. And when success slows down at one point, his patience is strained. It is not strange if he is even more anxious for a victory before winter than any other Britons wherever they may be; unless preference be given to our prisoners in German hands of four years' standing. Before the Londoner lies the prospect of longer black-out, November fogs and continuing bombardment. He has had a bellyful of these things. No doubt, his speculations are tinged with wishful thinking sometimes on his own account just now. Above all things, his hopes are centred on the only real cure of the flying bomb—the occupation of the coast between Havre and the Low Countries. He sees that even the early capture of Paris would not achieve this. It would not necessitate enemy evacuation of the Pas de Calais at once, even if the Nazi armies of Normandy were exterminated or decimated in the Loire-Seine box. Behind the garrison in Northern France would still be occupied and quiescent Belgium, before them the broad Seine. The bomb-sites from le Treport to Belgium could still operate for a long time ahead. Hence, perhaps, the Londoner's wishful thinking that the newly created Airborne Army of the Allies might be used for a descent behind the fortress wall of the Pas de Calais to link up with our victorious Army lining the south-west banks of the Seine and preparing to cross it. The Londoner naturally would prefer that another assault on the fortress wall, if such be contemplated, should take place in Northern France rather than in Southern France. Still, it is natural that he should see first things first and nearest things clearest, and he certainly puts Northern France well ahead of Southern France or the Balkans on the agenda of occupation and liquidation.

THE OLD STAGER

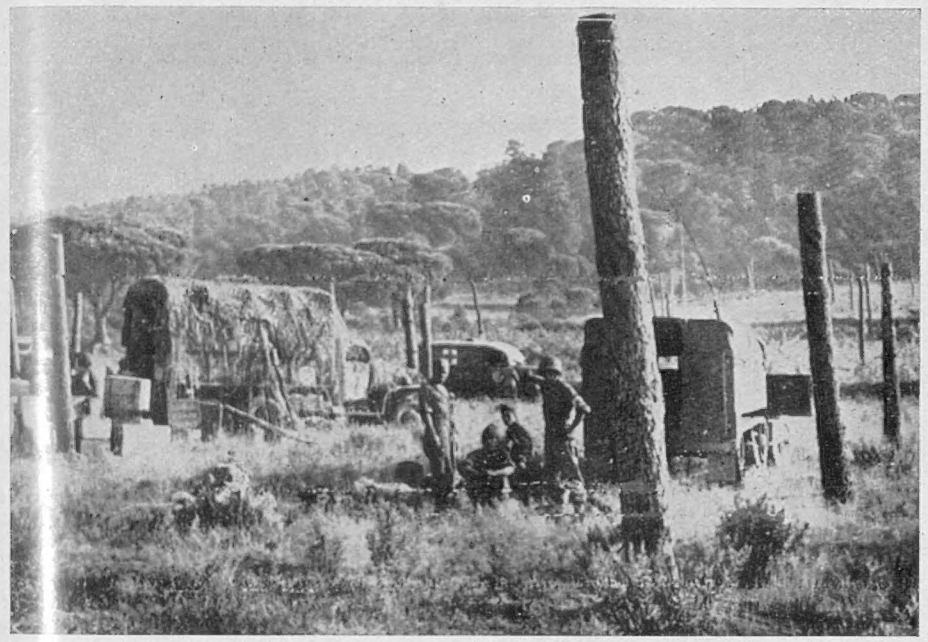
The SECOND INVASION of FRANCE

The New Landings on the Riviera Coast, and the Uprising of the French Maquis



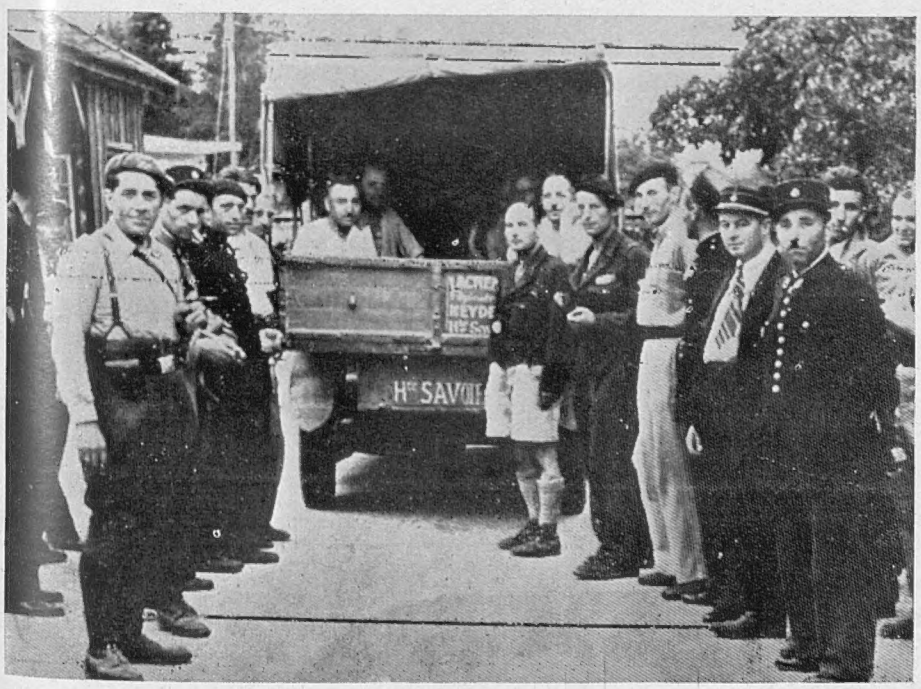
BEFORE THE MAIN LANDINGS : Allied commandos capture an island in the South of France. Six hours before the great invasion armada went in to land American and French armies on the Riviera coast on August 15, commando troops captured the Isle de Levant, just off the French mainland near Toulon. This picture (sent by radio from Rome) shows a Canadian landing craft slipping into an inlet of the island with supplies for the Commandos as they established themselves ashore

THE FLEET WHICH TOOK PART IN THE INVASION. This picture shows only a part of the great armada. Eight hundred vessels were concentrated for the invasion task, and every type of craft was included. Shortly after this view was taken in a port of Southern Italy the vessels set sail for the Riviera coast

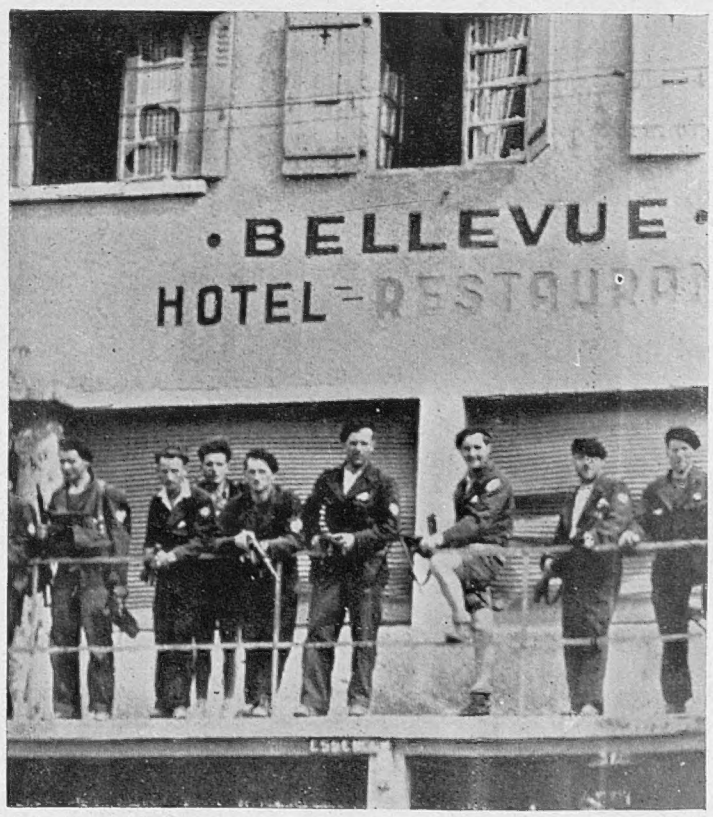


AMERICAN VEHICLES PARK AMONGST THE GERMAN DEFENCE WORKS ALONG THE RIVIERA COAST. These 20-ft. poles and barbed-wire defences had been scattered all over the Southern French countryside, to prevent Allied paratroops and gliders from landing. Despite this, however, the airborne part of the invasion was carried out triumphantly and with very small losses

THE FRENCH PARTISANS JOIN UP WITH THE INVADERS. These men were the first to greet the American troops in the St. Tropez area after the landings in Southern France. Most of them were armed and all wore the cross of Lorraine on their armbands



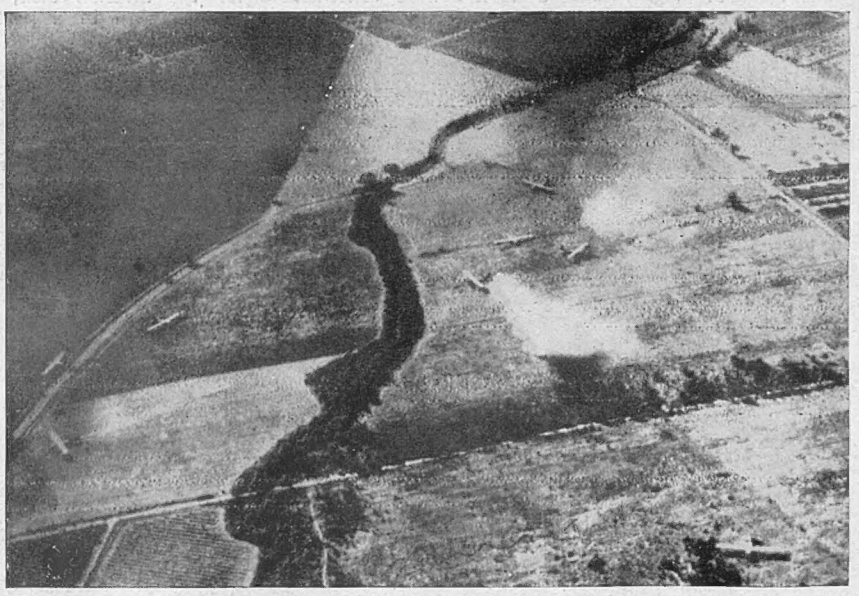
THE MEN OF THE MAQUIS RISE AGAINST THE NAZIS IN SAVOY. The scene after the capture of a German garrison : The Maquis and French patriots in Savoy rose openly in revolt against the Germans after the news of the American landings in Southern France had reached them. Brisk fighting at once took place in the hills between Evian and Thonon : in several villages the small German garrisons were besieged in their hotel headquarters, while in others the enemy surrendered. This picture was taken in the former Nazi stronghold of St. Julien : it shows German prisoners captured by the Maquis being driven out of the town by their captors



ON THE BALCONY OF THE HOTEL BELLEVUE AT ST. JULIEN. Men of the Maquis after they had captured the German garrison. The latter surrendered to the French partisans after being surrounded and besieged. Similar scenes have been reported from many other places in France

THE FIRST RADIO PICTURES FROM THE SEVENTH ARMY

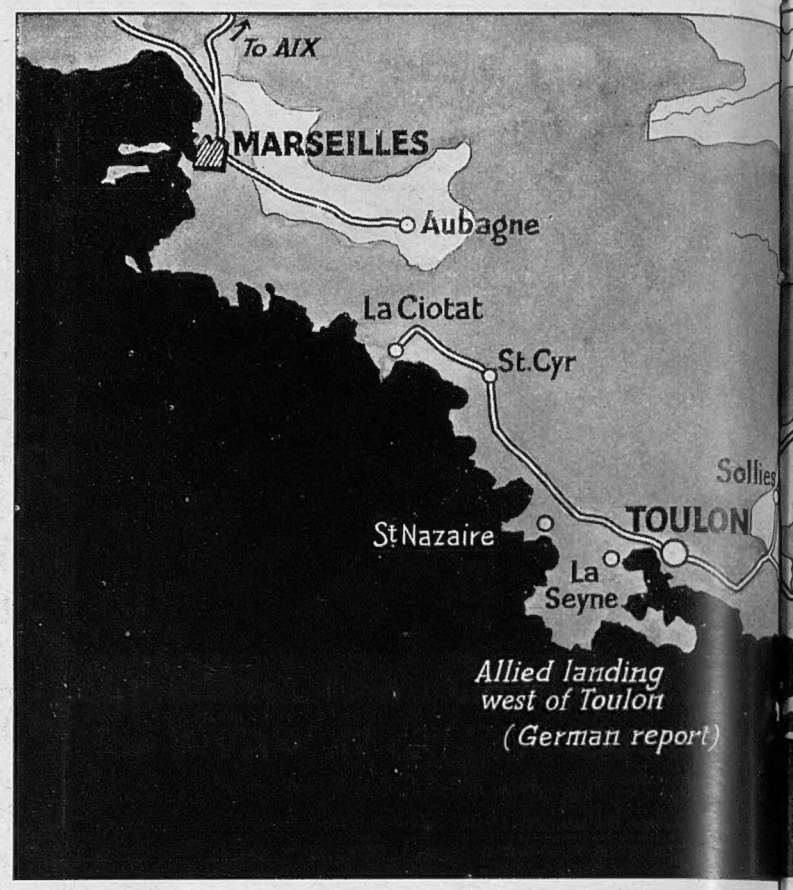
JUST BEFORE TAKING OFF FOR FRANCE. Airborne troops kneel in prayer in front of the troop-carrier "The Leaking Deacon." They jumped out later over the Riviera coast to capture strategic positions



GLIDERS CONTAINING AMERICAN TROOPS are seen in this aerial view coming in to land behind the invasion coast. Most of them touched down successfully, and thousands of men were landed in this way

THE FIRST GERMAN PRISONERS TAKEN IN SOUTHERN FRANCE are marched along the beachhead. In the background are American invasion craft; on the right American soldiers are seen wading up on to the shore, presumably from vessels lying farther out

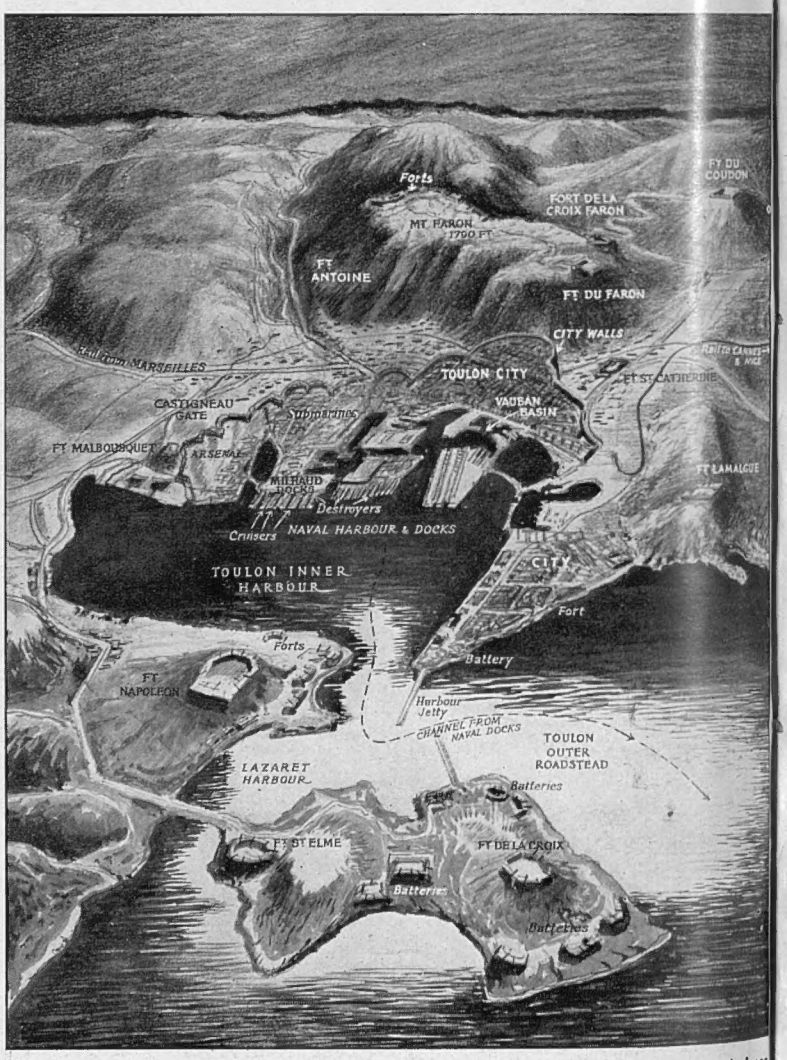
On right—FLYING ABOVE SOUTHERN FRANCE. Grim, well-trained and determined, these American paratroops have hooked their static lines to the cables in this C47 troop-carrier, as it nears the dropping zone over the Riviera coast



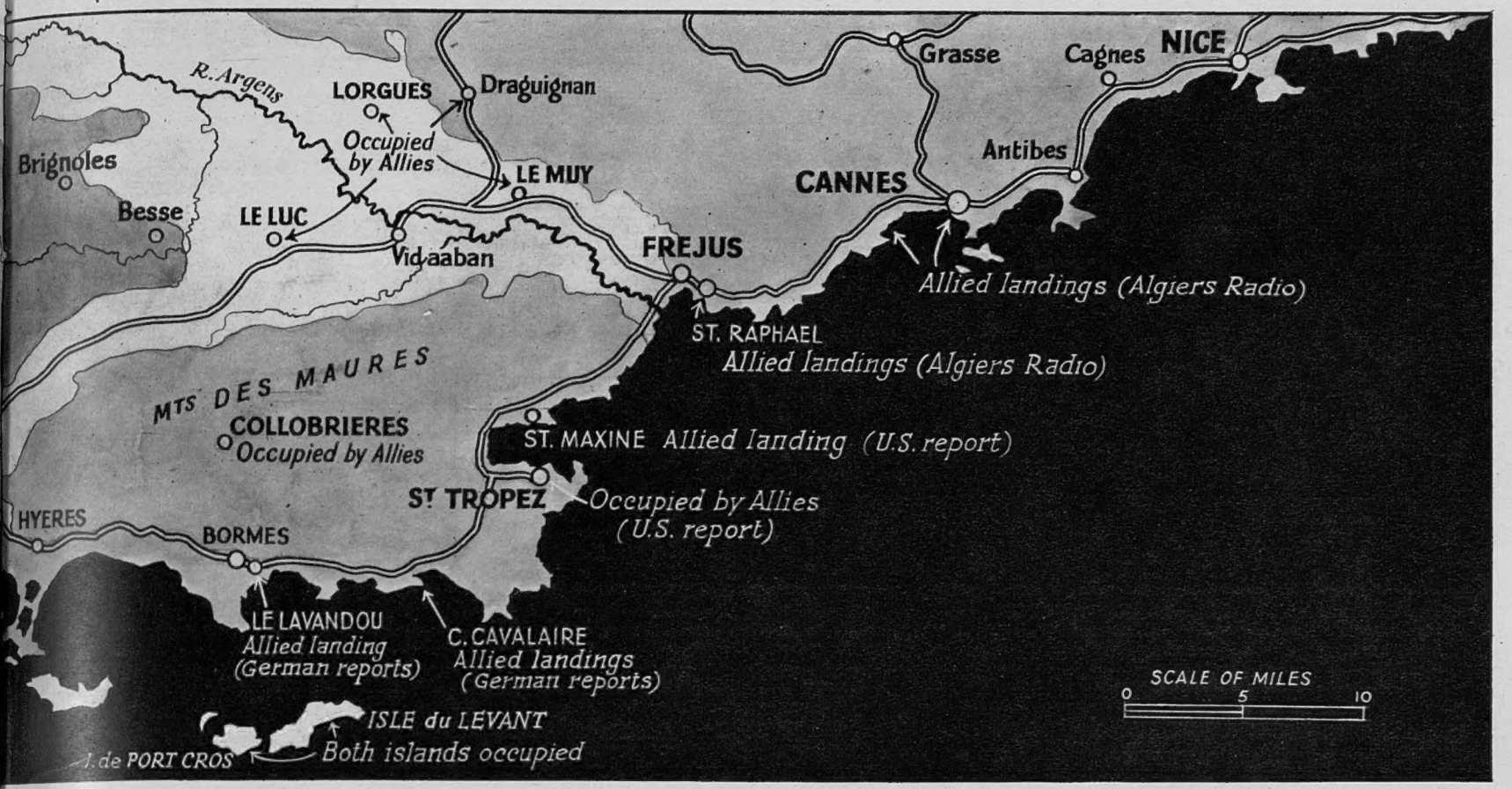
The INVASION of SOUTHERN FRANCE

Where the Allied Seventh Army was Put Ashore on the Riviera Coast, and the Initial Successes They Achieved Along a 60-mile-long Strip

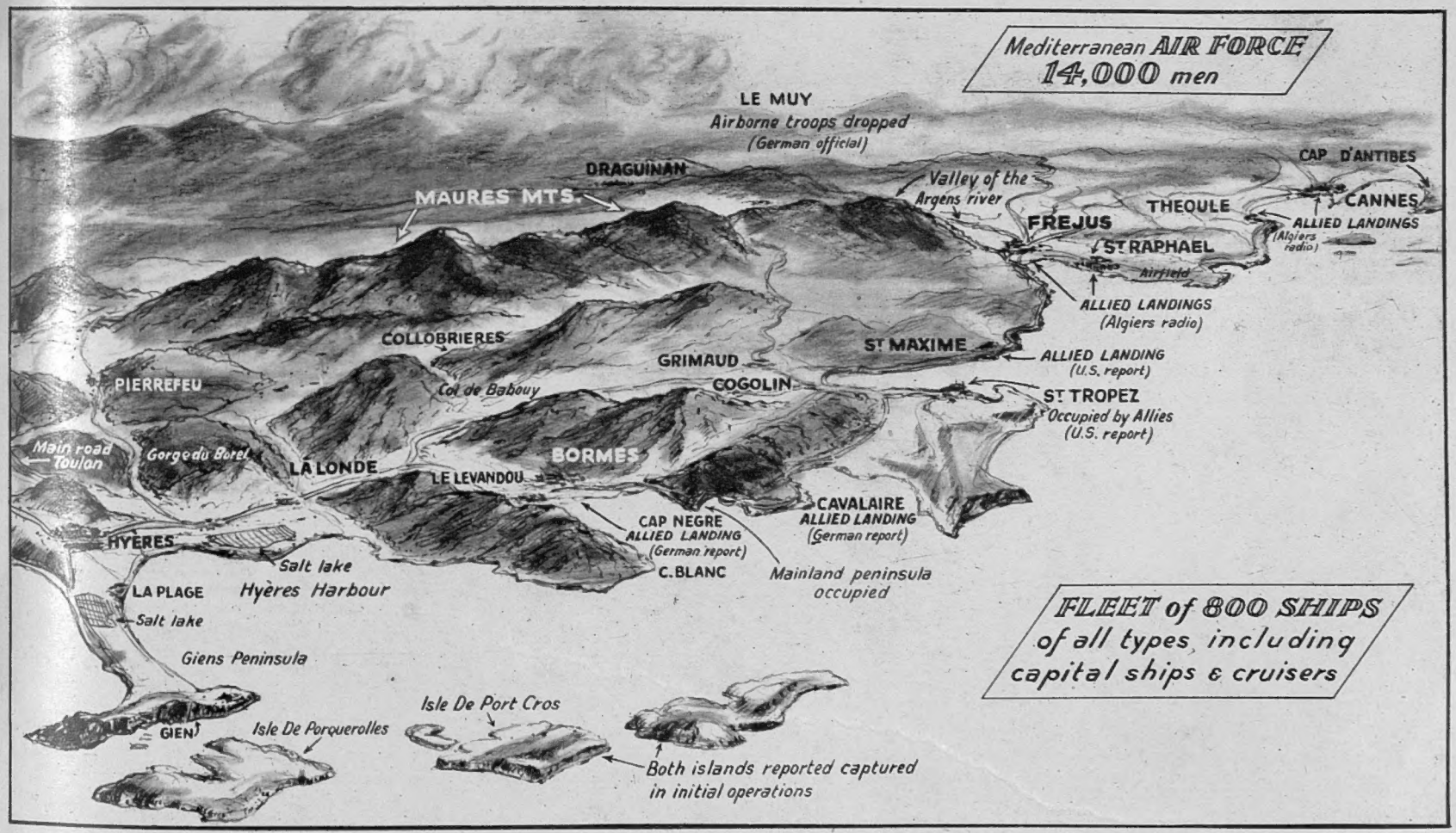
—Special Sphere Diagram Drawings



THE FIRST MAIN OBJECTIVE OF THE INVASION ARMY? The fortified naval base and fortress of Toulon—*Drawing by Percy Home*—Before the Germans descended upon it in the early Vichy period, Toulon had been the chief French naval port and dockyard for the Mediterranean. The base consists of an outer roadstead and an inner harbour. The former is guarded by the Forts St. Elme and De la Croix, with additional batteries. The entrance to the inner harbour is guarded by Fort Napoleon, and to west and east of the inner dock area are the Forts Malbousquet and Lamalgue. Fort St. Catherine guards the land approach from the east; while on the heights which look down on both town and dockyard are another group of forts—Mt. Faron, 1,790 ft., supported by Fort de la Croix Faron and Fort du Coudon. Fort Antoine commands access from the north. These fort-crowned hills made the place a naturally strong position, and the Germans may have occupied and strengthened them still further



WHERE THE ARMY COMMANDED BY GENERAL JACOB L. DEVERS LANDED ON THE MORNING OF AUGUST 15TH, AT VARIOUS POINTS ALONG THE SOUTHERN FRENCH COAST BETWEEN MARSEILLES AND NICE. In this diagram-drawing, the places which have figured in various reports from Allied and enemy sources are indicated: in the first days of the invasion, radio reporters were busy with statement and counter-statement. We have therefore indicated the source of many of the reports. At the end of last week, General Maitland Wilson was able to announce in a special communique that the Allies then held 500 square miles of the South of France, that all the beachhead forces had linked up to form a continuous front 60 miles long and that our troops had pushed inland to capture several towns in the Maures Mountains. According to a radio message from Algiers, the promontory four miles west of Toulon was also captured soon after the landings, and French and American formations were fighting their way towards the great naval base and fortress —*Special Sphere Map*



FROM HYERES TO CANNES—THE SCENE OF THE ALLIES' PRINCIPAL EFFORT. The details given in this diagrammatic view have been collated from various radio reports (as indicated), made during the first hours of the invasion. To carry out the operations, a fleet of 800 ships of all types had been assembled, including capital ships and cruisers; 14,000 men of the Mediterranean Air Force also took part. Airborne troops were dropped at strategic points and, later, many of these were able to link up with the men of the Seventh Army advancing from the beaches and ports—*Drawing by Percy Home*

WHERE THE FIRST OPERATIONS TOOK PLACE—On the morning of August 15, a stretch of about 100 miles of the French Riviera coastline was invaded by the Allies. The area may be described as stretching from just west of Toulon to Cannes and Nice on the east. In the above view, the areas of greatest activity are shown.

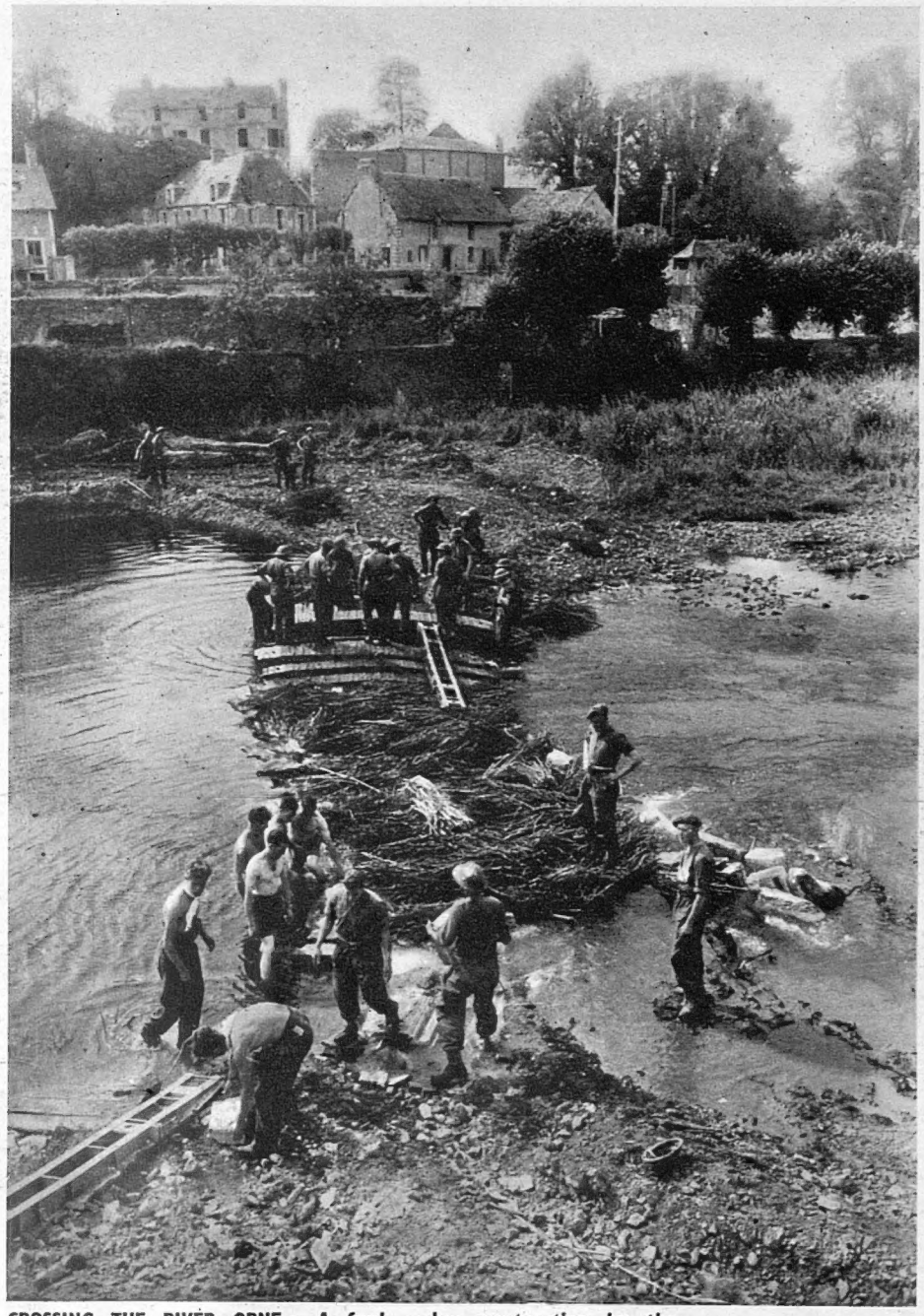
On the immediate left is the peninsula of Giens, which juts out into the Mediterranean south of Hyeres, the well-known Riviera resort. Off the peninsula lies the Isle de Porquerolles, and parallel with it two other islands, Port Cros and Levant. It was announced that both islands had been occupied, together with an area around Cap Negre.

The area between Hyeres and Cap Negre contains some flat ground useful for airstrips, with an intervening hill mass terminating at Cap Blanc and Cap Benat (near the latter the only enemy war vessel was encountered). Behind Bormes lies a ridge of hills, and a valley through which runs the main Toulon-Genoa highway.

Passing eastwards, Cavalaire was also mentioned as a landing-place. Still farther east, definite news of a successful paratroop operation showed that St. Tropez was in Allied hands. There is a considerable amount of flat ground in the immediate neighbourhood of St. Tropez; across the gulf of St. Tropez lies St. Maxime, another landing-place; inland lies the north-eastern extremity of the Maures range of high hills, which dominate this stretch of the Riviera both in a scenic and military sense. Frejus and St. Raphael, farther to the north-east, were both indicated as other landing-places. Theoule, Cannes and Nice were all indicated unofficially as the other landing-places.

SCENES as we ADVANCE in FRANCE

The Newest Pictures from the British Sector During the Big Push Towards the Town of Falaise

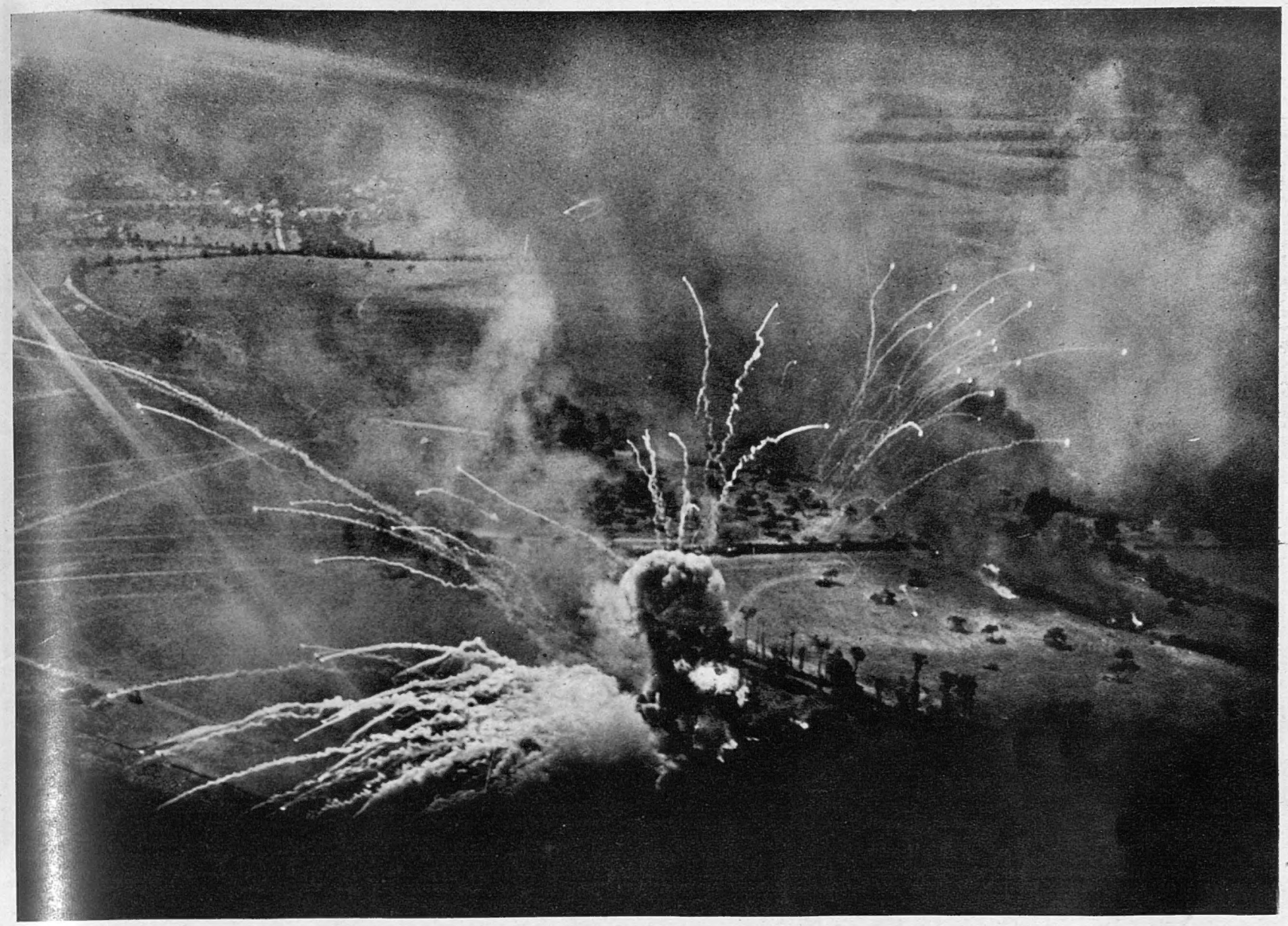


CROSSING THE RIVER ORNE: A ford under construction by the Engineers at Thury Harcourt. During the present war—on the Eastern Front as in Italy and Normandy—rivers have been the chief obstacles to be overcome. The R.E.s have now evolved a technique which has been proved effective for almost every occasion. In this case, after the fall of Thury, they laid a built-up bridge at a shallow spot across the Orne, following a line previously taped out for them

THE ENTRY INTO THE TOWN OF THURY HARCOURT: British soldiers clearing the main street on the morning of August 14. The enemy has just been cleared out: everywhere lies the debris of war, with wrecked houses on both sides of the road. The first troops enter cautiously, watchful for concealed snipers and for booby-traps: following troops will clear up the mess, whilst the advance guard moves southwards after the retreating Germans. Thury fell on the morning of August 14 after very heavy fighting extending over some days: it lies on the road to Falaise

TWO CANADIAN WARRIORS DRESSED FOR WAR: This piratical-looking couple are striding through a newly captured village on the road to Falaise. They typify the fine qualities of our Canadian brothers fighting in France

ONE OF THE DEADLIEST INSTRUMENTS OF THE INFANTRY: A mortar section of the Northumberland Fusiliers in action during a German counter-attack. The 4·2 is about to be fired, and every man shields his ears. The mortar weapon, so highly developed during the present war, is a deadly instrument. In a recent action near Caen, this battalion's mortars were putting down a barrage at such speed that a captured German artillery officer asked to be allowed to see the "belt-fed guns," as he could not believe that it was possible for such speed to be kept up by hand!



THE HEAVY BRITISH BOMBERS SMASH AT THE GERMAN ARMOUR BY DAYLIGHT NORTH OF FALAISE. The thick columns of smoke and fire which rose after an ammunition dump had been exploded by the 1,000 Halifaxes and Lancasters which took part in the attack

In the fighting for possession of the town of Falaise, the heavy British bombers were used in a novel and probably more effective manner than has been customary in some recent attacks, according to war correspondents who witnessed the great daylight assaults. When the Lancasters and Halifaxes arrived over the battle area just north of Falaise, they came by the hundred and must have caused the greatest alarm amongst the Germans. They had been kept back until two hours after the attack by the ground forces had opened. Their target was an area of about 3 or 4 square miles in which an enemy armoured division lay hidden. The task of the "heavies" was to destroy the armour just at the moment when it might be expected to be coming out. With the faultless technique that is their characteristic, the men of Bomber Command brought their huge aircraft over the target to the minute. Then began a showering of big bombs that has had few parallels because, instead of being compressed into forty minutes or so, it went on for two hours. During the course of the attack an ammunition dump was sent up into the sky, with the dramatic effects shown in this fine picture

ONLY A SHORT DISTANCE FROM THE FRONT: CLEANING UP THE RUINED TOWN OF VILLERS BOCAGE, which was only captured a short while ago

The fighting around this town was particularly protracted and savage: when it came into our possession, very little of its houses or roadways were intact. Yet it was important for our convoys to get through quickly, to reinforce and supply the men fighting towards Falaise. Within a very short time the craters had been filled in, obstructions along the road removed and rubble shifted from the path of the vehicles. Roads which a short time previously were impassable were rendered serviceable, with the tottering walls by their verge removed. This is a scene which has been duplicated at many other points in both the American and British sectors

The DIFFERENT TYPES of FRENCH PEOPLE

Now that American and British Soldiers are Moving Swiftly through France, this is the Psychology they will be Encountering in Different Regions

By FERDINAND TUOHY

COMING from north and south and expecting to meet, British forces under Generals Montgomery and Devers are likely to see far more of France and the French than did their fathers in the last war. When one reflects, the men under French and Haig saw remarkably little of France during fifty-two months; nor did they see more than another corner on the march to the Rhine after hostilities had ceased.

All the 1914-18 Army got to know—*et comment!*—were French Flanders, the Nord, Picardy and Artois. Glimpses of bases like Le Havre (early on, of Nantes), a very few taking Paris leave, and interminable rail journeys across to Chambéry and Marseilles for those bound for Italy and beyond, about completed that bygone Army's acquaintance with France and her people.

How long foreign troops will sojourn this time in France depends on the length of time the Germans hold out there and upon such arrangements as may be made with the French Government to service the Allied armies over French territory once they are attacking or occupying the Reich, though

THE FRENCH PATRIOTS COME OUT OF HIDING: Members of a Resistance Group, already armed, greet the appearance of Allied troops in Normandy

I imagine "pacifying" will be found the apter word to cover the stealth and hate likely to be met there in the war-after-war.

It seems probable that once the Germans have been expelled from France there will be little call for foreign troops south of a line, the Loire-Alsace, and that most of the survivors will be L. of C. personnel despatching and maintaining the forces farther east, in Germany, Austria, Hungary and North Italy. In the meantime, however short or long it may be, Allied troops, overwhelmingly American and British, look like finding themselves in all sorts of places up and down the length and breadth of France, and so I thought it might be worth while to scan the various distinctive types they should encounter other than the Normans and the people of the Loire, with whom I have dealt previously.

Taken as a whole, the French share certain traits and characteristics. They are sceptical, rationalist and intellectual. A lot of nonsense has gone abroad concerning French "emotionalism." Because they get unduly excited, the French are supposed to be bathed in fluctuating emotions. They are less emotional than the Americans, while they could give us points as regards sentimentalism.

A pervading good sense and a determination to speak their minds, a continuing impulse to root out the fact, however shaming or unpleasant, are other things I associate with the bulk of the French people. More than any others could have done must they have suffered under the long-drawn-out mental suffocation imposed by the Boches. The dreadful years of submission must also have gone the harder with them because they are no respecters of the law just because it is the law. Where others put up with patent absurdities or impositions and pride themselves on their civic obedience, the French get a positive "kick" from going round and over laws which don't make sense or equity to them. Yet on major issues they are patient people until they "fly off the handle." French people are exceptionally drawn to the past ("*La Culte des Morts*"), and not only here can they show themselves distinctly more serious-minded than foreigners who look upon them as frivolous. In point of fact, the French require less distractions than nearly all their neighbours, and only in the inter-war period did the younger element depart from this aversion to mechanical, churned-out pleasure.

This is a protracted preamble, yet one or two more things may be added. The French are a resourceful people. They are gay and witty rather than gifted with a sense of humour. Their excessive politeness is a formality not to be confused with lack of sincerity. They think far too much about money—this has been my pet bone of contention—but the vanity ascribed to them needs to be read in the light of the unending foreign desire to enjoy France and of the unending compliments that have been showered on her.

Finally, I should say that the French suffer through refusing to take risks; that they are too set upon saving and retiring, which engenders a certain timidity and lack of enterprise. But having said all this, how differing the various French can be!

Take the Bretons who, I suggested early in July, would show themselves great fighters and patriots when the Allies appeared. They have displayed the fighting enthusiasm of their Celtic origin. Bi-lingual, the Bretons have best resisted change from outside in the Morbihan and Finisterre departments. Largely peasants and fisherfolk, they have primitive habits. Too many wisecracks were made about them and the Alsatians, and the process had to be called off, as making for separatism.

THE FRENCH ARMY RETURNS TO FRANCE: A tank of the Second French Armoured Division is greeted by a Frenchwoman, who throws flowers from her bouquet to the crew. This Division is now fighting alongside the American and British armies for the liberation of France

The Bretons can be warm-hearted and they have a sly humour. Money is less of an obsession with them. They are usually Catholic traditionalists or markedly Left.

The French Flemings are others who use their own tongue. This north-east corner where we fought the last war breeds a stolid, beer-drinking type, half-peasant, half-industrial worker. The climate, akin to our own, explains some of it. Politics are divided between Very Left and Catholic-Conservative. In fact, the types are well represented in two sons of Lille who may have more to say than any other Frenchmen: Thorez, the exiled Communist leader, and General de Gaulle.

The Alsatians are, and speak, Germanic, but they prefer almost everything else that is French. Except central government from Paris. The devout Alsatians jib at "pagan" Paris. They also are used to more orderly German local government. They want, and will this time get, Home Rule, and it may be the signal for a wider handing out of regional autonomy. Next door, the Lorrainer is known as the Norman of the East. Conservative and hard-headed—like Poincaré, and, like him, seized by a frontier fear and revulsion in the Germans' regard. The now historic Gaullist Cross has augmented Lorraine's prestige, and we may hear from these parts some of the most weighty calls of "*à Mayence!*" Which is where the French aim to attain the safety others are also staking out for themselves.

The Parisians are by no means typical of French people. Aside from the inroads of cosmopolitanism, they are more highly-strung and impulsive than the average; and from having run the country for so long, Parisians have a high dose of pride and vanity. They see everything as happening from Paris, in past and present, and this begets a chauvinistic outlook, But, whatever they are, the Parisians are razor-sharp.

South of a line drawn from about La Rochelle across to Alsace, you 'll find the liberal and generous instincts more developed. Also the revolutionary ones. The South is less responsive to orthodoxy and religious influences. The best-known type is no doubt the Provençal, spontaneous and exaggerating, breathing heat and garlic—in his own language. He is the true Latin, plus sun and wine. As for politics—well, Provence is still the country of the Marseillaise. The Riviera end is not real Provence at all. A very mixed grill, the Niçois and their neighbours.

Neighbouring Languedoc is also the reverse of reactionary. Heart of the wine-growing "Midi," Languedoc reaches south to Spain, west to Toulouse and north to Valence. One whole corner of it is, and speaks, Catalan. This is round Perpignan. Over on the Atlantic side of the Pyrénées there 's another race within a race—the Basques. All the way from the Mediterranean, Pyrénéan folk are of mountain directness. Their food is nearly the worst in a usually fine-feeding land. I can only think of parts of the Cevennes, and of the Aveyron approach thereto, which feed worse.

What a contrast with the rich vineyard country managed by Bordeaux merchants! Bordeaux of two capitulations has a good opinion of itself as the capital of Gascony and Guienne and a world-port. But certain self-satisfied Bordelais will be less popular after this war, and they never were exactly loved by other French people.

Westwards, one travels through the elegant and peaceful Dordogne and Quercy towards the rugged Central Massive, which spreads over several departments. That rough diamond, the Auvergnat, is its characteristic type, and Laval has not sent up his stock. But next door to him you 'll find Burgundy, reputed as the best bred and best found of all the provinces.

All these provincial types differ and are proud of it. Ask a Frenchman where he was born, and he nine times out of ten names his province, not his department. The foreigner is told a great deal by a Frenchman's province, almost as much as by noting whether your man is a peasant, worker or bourgeois. After this frightful experience, a sense of collective responsibility is expected to develop in France. I, for one, hope any drawing-together process will not lessen the strongly surviving provincial boundaries. Within them are the true strength and patriotism of the country.

FRENCHWOMEN AMBULANCE-DRIVERS, wearing the Cross of Lorraine on their helmets, embarking on a transport to join the Allied Expeditionary Forces in France. The women are attached to the Regiment de Marche du Tchad, the crack French unit which made the historic trek across the desert from Tchad, in French Equatorial Africa, to enlist with Allied forces fighting the Nazis in North Africa in 1942. In 1944, fully equipped with American war material, the Tchad Regiment has again joined the Allies—this time in France, to drive the Nazi invaders from the homeland

THE "FORGOTTEN FRONT" IN BURMA

The Appalling Conditions under which Our Men have been Working and Fighting around Imphal and Kohima

BOMBING THE SUPPLY LINES OF THE JAPS. The Kenghlaung Bridge, in Northern Siam, a connecting link on the strategic railway supplying the enemy troops in Eastern Burma, is knocked out by bombs from B25 Mitchells of the Fourteenth Air Force (better known as the "Flying Tigers," under the command of Major-General Claire Chennault). The diversity and effectiveness of the air operations have been features of the Burma campaign

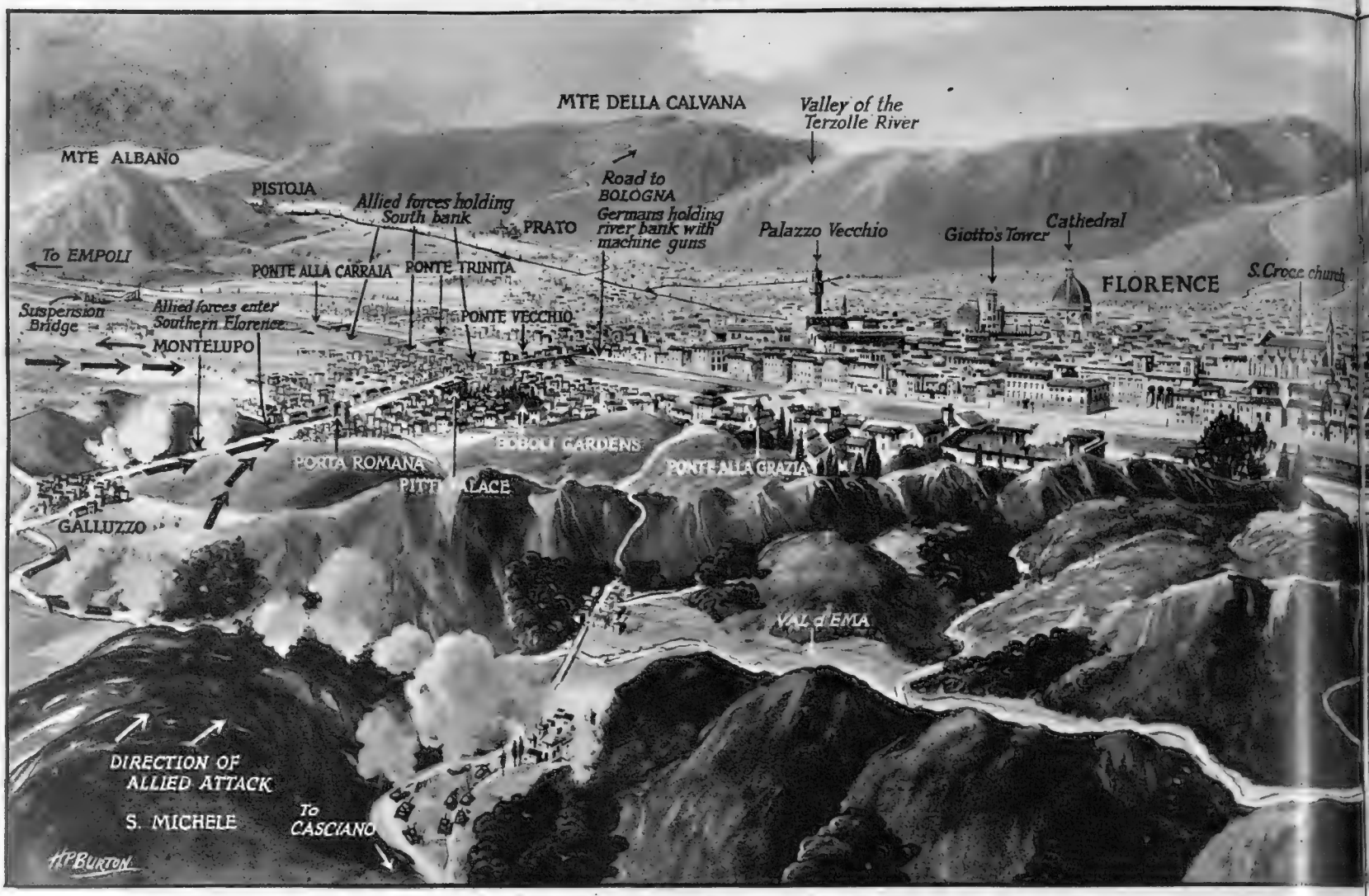
THE IMPHAL-TIDDIM ROAD IS OPENED. Like a giant white snake, this road winds through the jungle, bordered at intervals by villages like that on the left. The road, now cleared of all Japanese resistance pockets, is again open to Allied supply vehicles

SAPPERS AND MINERS FROM MADRAS CLEAR A LANDSLIDE. Along the Kohima-Imphal road heavy rain will bring down landslides which will make an awkward block. Then the sappers rush to the spot and begin to clear away the rock and mud to let the all-important convoys through. This slide was caused by the terrific rains under which Burma is deluged during the monsoon periods

A CORDUROY TRACK IS LAID DOWN. Madras sappers working on the Jessami track, to the east of Kohima, at a spot where the road has been carried away

PATHAN ENGINEERS ON THE BURMESE FRONT. Constant attention to the roads, plus the erection and maintenance of temporary bridges, is essential work. A Pathan battalion of Indian Engineers keeps the vehicles moving on a part of the road near Imphal, not only to get rations and supplies forward, but also to get the wounded back. Hospital orderlies wait at the wire bridges to help the walking cases to cross. Here men from the 23rd Brigade are being helped over. All are wounded but able to walk: they are carried by jeep convoy from the other side of the bridge back to hospitals at the rear

THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF SEES FOR HIMSELF. Monsoon conditions in the Kohima and Imphal areas and the difficult country in which our forces are engaged were seen by Lord Louis Mountbatten during a recent visit to the Burma front. He spent a good deal of time among the Indian troops, who have distinguished themselves in the fighting against the Japs. Here he is seen greeting Jemadar Asghar Ali, of the 14th Punjab Regiment, who has won the M.C.



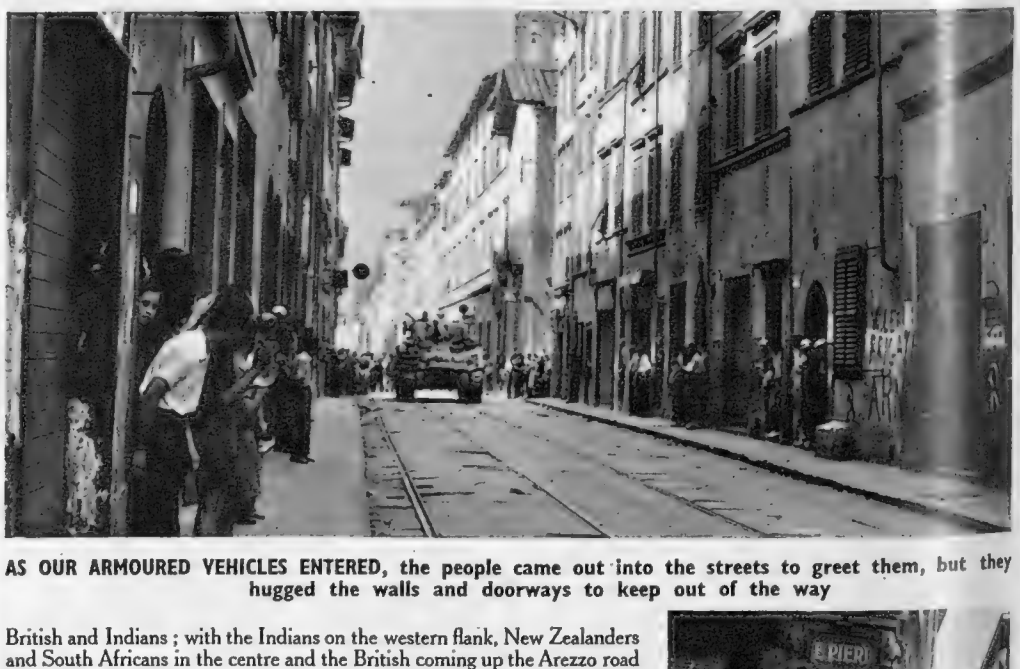
HOW THE ALLIES APPROACHED FLORENCE FROM WEST AND FROM EAST, avoiding a direct assault on the "City of the Renaissance." On the west, our troops attacked from the direction of Montelupo and Galluzzo, the city being entered by the Porta Romana leading to the Arno river-side at the Ponte Vecchio. On the eastern side, the attack came from Arezzo by way of Pontassieve—*Drawing by H. P. Burton*

The ENTRY into FLORENCE

The Fighting Around the Approaches to the City, and the Manner in which the Allied Troops were Greeted—*Special Sphere Drawings*

The caution which the Allies showed in regard to the treasures within the city of Florence led to separate attacks being made from the west and the east. It was not shelled by our artillery, although the enemy had not vacated Florence and was defending the river-bank and shelling the southern part of the city. The western advance reached the confines of Florence first; the route was by way of Galluzzo and the Poggio Imperiale hills to the main southern road leading into Florence. Other forces, working their way from captured villages farther to the west, joined in here, and an advance was made into the city through the great gateway known as the Porta Romana, an imposing structure with colossal doors. Cautiously they advanced to the southern bank of the Arno, to find that all the bridges with the exception of the Ponte Vecchio had been destroyed. The opposite bank was lined with machine-gunners and snipers

THE END OF GESTAPO RULE: British troops forcing an entry into the Villa Spelman which had been used as the headquarters of a German S.S. Command in Florence

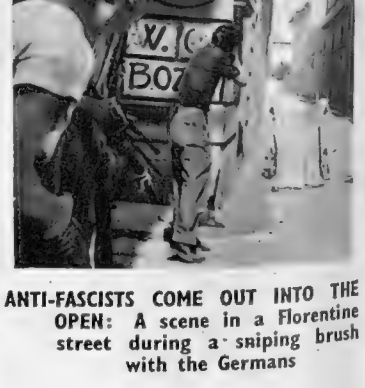


AS OUR ARMOURED VEHICLES ENTERED, the people came out into the streets to greet them, but they hugged the walls and doorways to keep out of the way

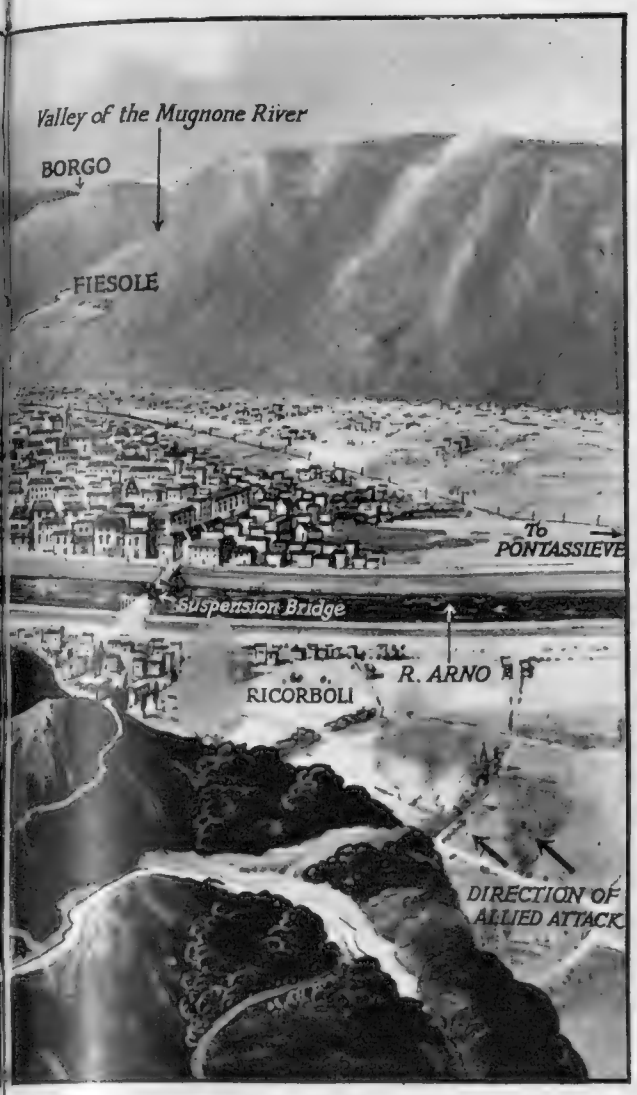
Florence is at last in Allied hands, after a long struggle, not in the historic city itself, but amid the mountains and valleys leading up to the Arno. The Germans had made a stubborn resistance, determined to hold the city as long as possible before retiring to the much-talked-of "Gothic Line." The River Arno was held strongly by the enemy, who were also massed along the mountain ridges lying to the south of Florence. It was tough work forcing the Germans from these ridges and the going was somewhat slow. The enemy had been reinforced with some first-class troops, parachute divisions and panzer grenadiers, till five divisions were facing the Allied columns toiling up the mountain valleys, scaling the peaks and crossing the rivers.

It was a truly Allied force which finally drove the Germans back from their strong positions. It consisted of New Zealanders, South Africans, British and Indians; with the Indians on the western flank, New Zealanders and South Africans in the centre and the British coming up the Arezzo road on the east. The Indians were fighting round Empoli and Montelupo, both on the Arno, and both held so fiercely that for a time they became no-man's land till Montelupo was finally captured on August 10. The River Pesa, which runs into the Arno near Montelupo, backed by a ridge of rugged hills, was held strongly by the Germans, giving the New Zealanders a difficult time. They succeeded, however, in getting a bridge-head across the river at Cerbaia and pressed on to San Michele, getting a footing on the hills. They repulsed many counter-attacks and gained the respect of the enemy, who described them in their official reports as "élite troops."

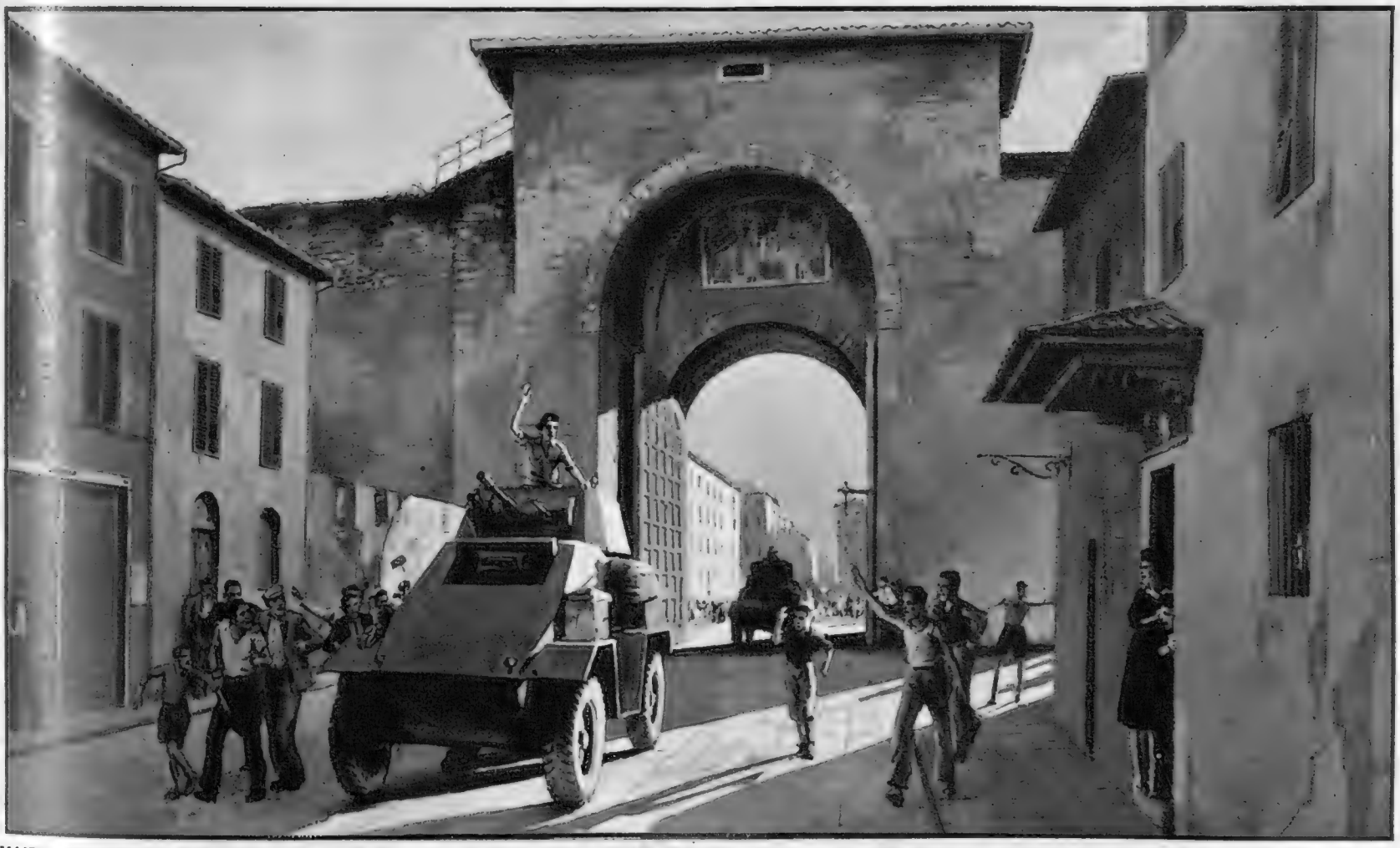
To the east of the New Zealanders, the South Africans were pressing up the road leading directly into Florence, through Galluzzo. Every bit of the way had to be fought for, as the Germans were no longer fighting mere rearguard actions before retirement, but were holding on grimly. La Romola, high ground to the west of the road, was taken, and Impruneta, to the east, was captured, with the support of British Guardsmen, after a hard struggle. The River Greve, running into the Arno to the west of Florence, was crossed, and then the South Africans pushed on towards the city, whose towers and famous dome they had seen for some time. They were the first to enter Florence on August 4, and even then the



ANTI-FASCISTS COME OUT INTO THE OPEN: A scene in a Florentine street during a sniping brush with the Germans



A FIRST VIEW OF THE GREAT CITY AFTER THE ALLIED ENTRY, taken from a church tower overlooking the River Arno. All the bridges were blown, except the Ponte Vecchio: the latter is screened in smoke, but behind it can be seen the tower of the Palazzo Vecchio. The city was undamaged by the Allied artillery, but the Germans had looted it very considerably before they pulled out to the north



ALLIED ARMOURED FORCES ENTER FLORENCE BY WAY OF THE GREAT PORTA ROMANA, which leads to the Ponte Vecchio, the only one of the six bridges which was not destroyed by the Germans. This gateway was designed by the famous artist Jacopo Orcagna in 1328: it is one of several medieval gateways which still survive and through which many famous personages have passed into the great "City of the Renaissance"—*Drawing by Edward Osmond*

enemy was still in force, holding the line of the River Ema (a tributary of the Greve) and the great hill mass of Poggio Imperiale. Though becoming hemmed in by the gradual moving forward of the Allies, the enemy gave up nothing easily, fighting with desperate courage.

The British who had taken Arezzo were pushing along the main road to Florence running alongside the Arno, but had found stiff opposition all the way. The great mountain ridge of Prato Magno, to the east, was held by the enemy, who gained from its height full observation of everything in the valley below. Commanding positions along the road had to be seized, but the troops pressed on. Castel Franco was found to be evacuated; Incisa was cleared by August 4, and Pontassieve was approached where the Arno turns to the west, to pass through Florence on its way to the sea.

The Germans had declared that Florence was to be an "open city," and instructions were given to their troops that they were to behave very correctly; no looting or assaults on women were to take place. When the Allies reached the southern suburbs of the city, they found five of the six bridges destroyed, only the famous Ponte Vecchio being spared. The main German Army had left the city, but machine-gun nests were strongly held along the northern bank of the river, snipers were active and long-range guns from the northern hills dropped shells about the Pitti Palace and the Boboli Gardens. The loss of the bridges held up entrance into the city, as it was impossible to build Bailey bridges in the face of stiff opposition. After holding on for a week at the bend of the Arno, near Pontassieve, the Germans withdrew on August 12.

AN R.A.F. MOSQUITO USES A HEAVY RAIN-STORM AS COVER FOR AN ATTACK ON AN IMPORTANT RADIO INSTALLATION. This was located on the island of Sylt, off the German coast—the most heavily defended enemy base on the North Sea—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

DEADLY WORK by COASTAL COMMAND

Two Big Attacks by Rocket-firing Beaufighters

—And a Series of Remarkable Pictures Showing a Tragedy of the War by Air

This island was at one time a constant target for R.A.F. bombers: latterly, it has not figured so prominently in the war news. A few days ago, however, a Mosquito, with Polish pilot and navigator, left its base for an attack on the radio installations at Sylt, anticipating cloud cover to screen its movement towards the target from the concentrated defences of Heligoland; but when the aircraft was a few miles off the weather cleared, and the Mosquito crew expected a severe passing from the German anti-aircraft batteries. Instead, this is what happened next, as related by the pilot: "I was considering what to do when a heavy rain-storm came along; by going right down to wave-top level and flying along with the storm, I was able to streak past Heligoland unobserved and to catch the radio-station defences unprepared. My target was on the island of Sylt, and I gave it a good plastering with my cannons." Flak opened up as the Mosquito turned for home: it was slightly damaged by fragments from a near miss, but made base safely

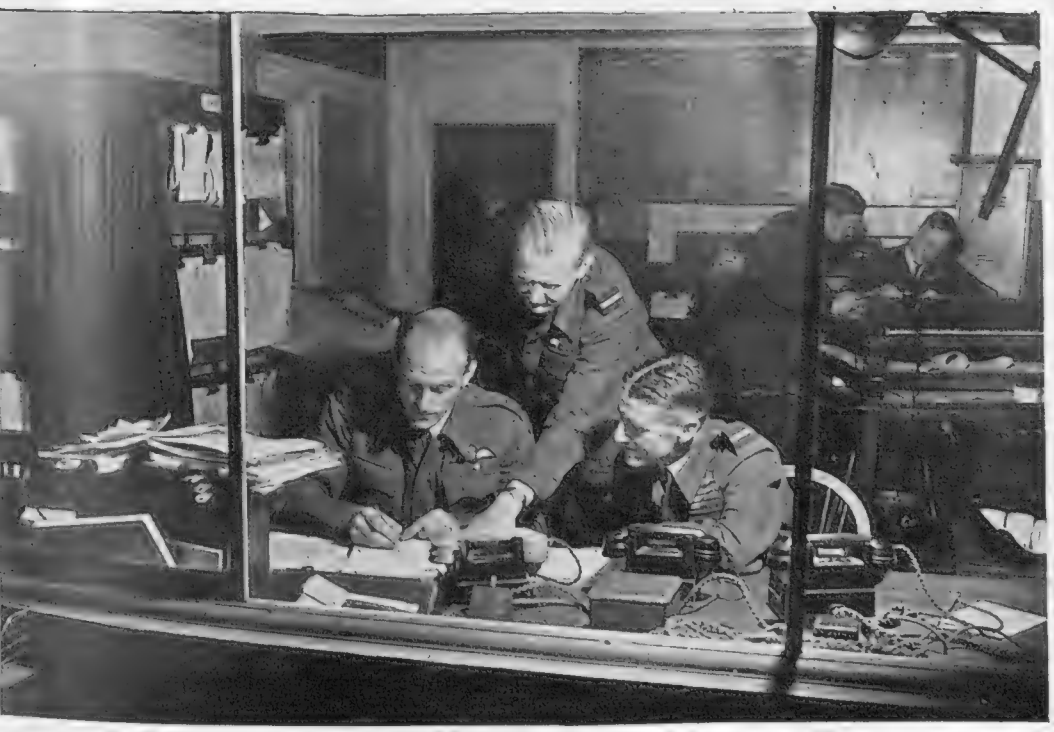
A "STRIKE FORCE" OF BEAUFIGHTERS AT WORK OFF THE NORWEGIAN COAST. A double rocket attack: the first salvo has burst, and two have hit. A further salvo is on the way. The target was a convoy of six German merchantmen and six escort ships. One of the biggest "strike forces" sent out by Coastal Command for some time severely battered a German convoy of twelve ships off the Norwegian coast on August 8th. Escorted (for the first time) by American Mustangs, the Beaufighters forced their way through a curtain of light and heavy flak to obtain hits with cannon and rocket shells on every ship in the convoy. There were six medium-sized merchant vessels, screened by minesweepers and armed trawlers and a "Sperrbrecher": all were steaming north between Stavanger and Lister. The ships were within a mile of the shore, so that there were shore-batteries to contend with as well as the heavy barrage from the ships. Beaufighters armed with cannon and rocket projectiles went in first to shoot up the escorts and the A.-A. gun crews on the merchantmen. At least four torpedo hits were obtained on four of the merchant ships, all of which were set on fire: two escorts were also left ablaze. Amongst the attackers, three Beaufighters and three Mustangs were lost: two of the former were seen to collide over the target

DURING THE SAME ATTACK OFF NORWAY. A heavily armed German escort vessel, sheltering within range of the coastal batteries, is attacked with rocket projectiles. In all, four merchant ships were set on fire and all the escort vessels were hit

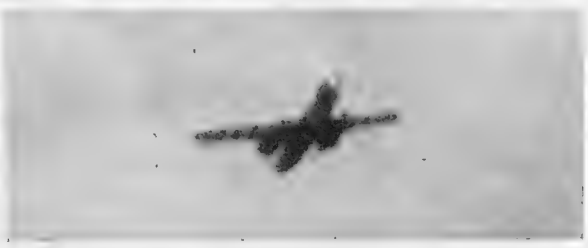
WHEN COASTAL COMMAND BEAUFIGHTERS MEET ENEMY SHIPS OFF THE FRENCH COAST. Four M class German minesweepers are attacked with rocket projectiles whilst lying off Fromentine, in the Bourgneuf Bay on the Biscay coast, and three of them are set on fire by the rocket shells

The picture reproduced above, and that on the left, were taken during the course of an action on August 8. Beaufighters of Coastal Command, R.A.F., located four enemy minesweepers of the M class lying in a bay on the Biscay coast, and attacked with their powerful rocket equipment. Three out of the four ships were set on fire as the result. During the attack there was intense flak from the ships and from enemy batteries on shore, and one Beaufighter failed to return. The two pictures show how the action was fought, the upper one depicting the three vessels on fire. Rocket projectiles are now the recognised method of attack against enemy ships at sea, and aircraft armed in this manner have scored a great number of successes on many occasions during recent months

DURING THE BISCAY BAY ATTACK ON AUGUST 8: Rocket projectiles from one of the Beaufighters streaking towards their target, an enemy minesweeper sheltering off the Bay of Biscay coast. These rocket shells are deadly missiles when aimed at ships at sea



THE MEN WHO DIRECT COASTAL COMMAND OPERATIONS: A scene in the "Ops" Room at a Group Headquarters. The Air Officer Commanding is Air Vice-Marshal B. E. Baker, C.B., D.S.O., M.C., A.F.C.; with him (on right) are Air Commodore N. H. D'Aeth, C.B. (in centre), Senior Air Staff Officer, and Wing Commander J. C. Barclay



THE END OF AN AMERICAN LIGHT BOMBER: Three dramatic pictures during a flight over enemy territory. This remarkable series was taken by an American officer of the U.S. Ninth Air Force: they show an A-20 Havoc light bomber before and after it had been hit by a burst of A.-A. fire which severed the tail section aft of the bomb bay. Black puffs of smoke are visible in the first (upper) picture, taken a few seconds before the fatal burst caught the plane. The aircraft was lifted out of the photographer's vision by the concussion of the shell blast, but in the second picture he was able to catch the plane shortly after it had been hit, with wreckage of the tail section hurtling through the air. The plane's rudder can be seen in an inverted position between the left engine and the fuselage; other pieces of wreckage are evident among the black dots of flak which continue to burst around the stricken plane. In the third picture, the photographer caught the plane as it was going down, its tail section severed at the point where white stripes mark the fuselage

THE AMERICAN SECTOR OF THE FRONT: THE OVERRUNNING OF THE BRITTANY PENINSULA AND THE INVESTMENT OF THE GERMAN NAVAL BASES IN THE "NOSE" OF FRANCE. A bird's-eye view which shows the ports of St. Nazaire, Lorient and Brest, now cut off from all hope of supply by land, as well as the other centres of German resistance on the north side of the peninsula. The whole of the interior is in American hands, with the town of Rennes as a focal point for communications throughout the whole area. The investment of Brittany was made at lightning speed by American tank columns and infantry, which fanned out in all directions after the initial break-through *(See notes at right)*—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

BATTLE PICTURES from BRITTANY and NORMANDY

Incidents in the "Big Push" Depicted by Sphere Artists

One of the first results of the great American break-through was the rapid thrust into Western Brittany and the attacks upon the "back-doors" of the enemy submarine and naval bases on the Atlantic shore. Only a few weeks ago these were functioning as effective bases for enemy operations by sea and air.

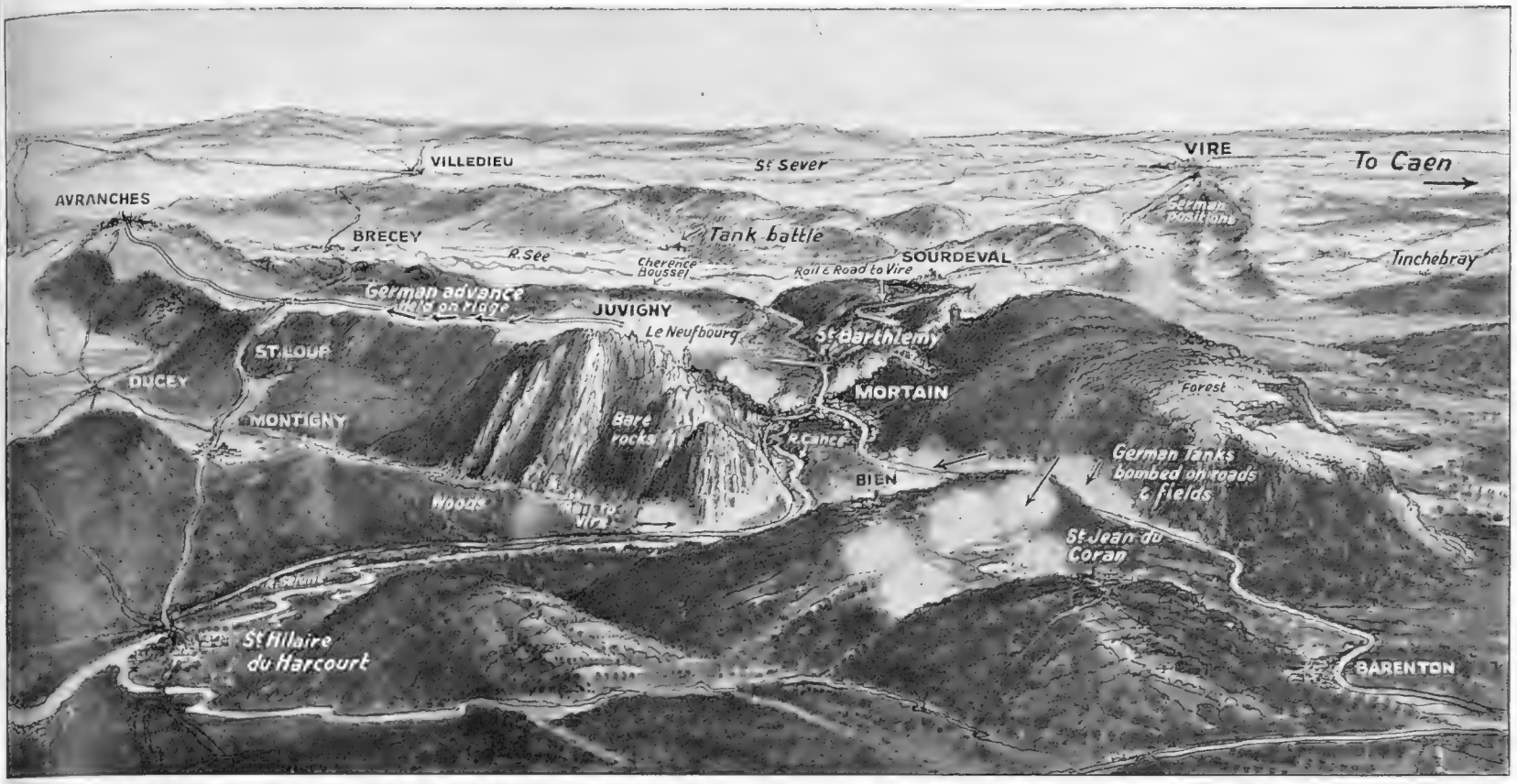
After the occupation of Rennes, the central communication point of East Brittany, the U.S. columns pressed through Combourg to St. Malo; other columns made for Redon, Ploermel and Josselin. By that time they were well into Western Brittany and nearing the vital objectives of Brest, L'Orient and St. Nazaire (the latter famous as the scene of the *Campbeltown* exploit). Advances were also made by way of Morlaix and the Montagne d'Arree, a mass of high ground inland from Brest. Passing Pontivy on the right, a column of armour and infantry pressed on to Hennebont and the environs of L'Orient, the important naval base of Quiberon.

West of Redon lies the great port and dockyard of St. Nazaire, developed in comparatively recent times on the north bank of the Loire estuary. It has altogether eclipsed the old-time river port of Paimbeuf on the southern shore of the Loire. It was at first thought that the German garrison was about to surrender, but this did not come about.

In the above view the main features of St. Nazaire harbour are shown: to the south there is the St. Nazaire basin, connecting with the big Penhouet basin; towards the north, nearer to the river, was the great Forme Ecluse, the dry dock which was put out of action by the successful blowing-up of the *Campbeltown* during the operation against St. Nazaire

HOW THE WAR CAME TO THE LITTLE NORMANDY TOWN OF ST. AUBIN. The scene of confusion in the centre of the town in the early hours of the morning after an ammunition dump near by had blown up—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

The citizens of St. Aubin had gone to bed in a very cheerful frame of mind. Their town had been liberated, and most of them had celebrated satisfactorily after dealing with some of the prominent local quislings. Then suddenly, at four o'clock in the morning, an ammunition dump a few miles away blew up. First the explosions were gentle, then they increased in intensity: soon the whole town was awake, with bewildered people gathering in the square, babbling furiously and most of them suffering from the effects of their earlier "celebrations." The townsfolk were thoroughly frightened, and talk was on all sides of the Germans returning. The next morning hard unsmiling faces met the Allied soldiers in St. Aubin. Then down the street came more infantry—lines and lines of them; then armoured cars, then field-guns. Because, St. Aubin had *really* been liberated! Everyone suddenly grew more friendly again as the fear of another German occupation receded. And St. Aubin once more went about its business of living "under new management"—albeit with many a headache among its ardent and wine-loving citizens



THE GERMAN PANZER THRUST THROUGH MORTAIN TOWARDS AVRANCHES IS BEATEN BACK: A DECISIVE INCIDENT IN THE GREAT STRUGGLE WHICH LED TO THE FORMATION OF THE "TRAP" SOUTH OF CAEN, where four German Panzer divisions were caught in the two jaws of a big pincer—*Drawing by Percy Home*

The Germans experienced one of their biggest tank defeats of the war when they threw four of their Panzer divisions into the Mortain area with the intention of cutting the American supply route into Brittany. At first this was a narrow corridor and obviously the position for the enemy counter-attack. The Germans, however, were not quick enough, and the attack was made too late. The massing of the tanks had also been observed by one of our air patrols, and soon clouds of rocket Typhoons and other medium bombers were over the roads and fields in which the Germans were organising their armoured attack. Scores of tanks were knocked out or damaged, but the enemy continued to press on and pushed his way into Mortain. This town is dramatically placed on a very steep-sided valley among high hills, with roads leading to certain renowned chapels and ecclesiastical buildings in the vicinity. On the left is Le Neufbourg, whose bare, weather-worn rocks (a peculiar feature of this valley of the Cance) are surmounted by a colossal statue of the Virgin. The enemy pressed on towards Juvigny, on the ridge road to Avranches. They penetrated 3 miles in this direction and were then halted. Some German forces also entered the valley of the See, which is flanked by another ridge. Here a tank versus tank combat of a very fierce nature took place. But all the enemy's attempts were checked, the Air Forces lending effective aid in the continued strafing of tanks and vehicles. The Allies then recaptured Mortain, and the Germans were pressed into narrow and dangerous positions in the See valley. At the same time, Allied pressure was also being exerted from the north, until the escape "gap" was rendered more and more narrow to the east. A great number of tanks and vehicles had to be abandoned by the enemy on their retreat route

DURING THE CANADIAN ARMY'S ATTACK ON THE CAEN "HINGE": A NIGHT ATTACK BY TANKS (AN UNPRECEDENTED THING IN EUROPEAN WARFARE) in which the fighting vehicles were guided by tracer shells fired by the artillery—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

When the First Canadian Army made its great onslaught on the Germans to the south of Caen, the attack was opened with a full-scale surprise night assault by armour and infantry. Except in the desert, a night armoured attack of this kind would appear to be unprecedented. Equally unprecedented were the means taken to carry it out. The tanks, guided by the flash of tracer shells from Bofors guns, were followed by specially converted armoured troop-carriers, each bearing fifteen to eighteen infantrymen, who were thus enabled to pass through the enemy's forward lines untouched by small-arm fire, to debus within a few yards of the German advanced positions. Some of these carriers had sand as added protection between their armour-plates. In the drawing above the tanks are seen moving up to the attack by moonlight: leading the column is a Sherman; this is followed by a Churchill, and behind is one of the new troop-carriers

ACTION OFF the BRITTANY COAST

The Destruction of a German Force off St. Nazaire: and Two Impressions of Invasion Craft in the Channel

—Special Sphere Drawings

The first big attempt by German surface forces to escape from the now cut-off Brittany peninsula was made a few days ago. It ended in utter disaster. The enemy force which made the attempt consisted of seven vessels, including escort ships. It was intercepted off St. Nazaire by a patrolling British squadron and, in the laconic words of one despatch, was "annihilated." Later, a second enemy convoy was sighted, but this successfully made its escape—back into St. Nazaire.

It is not unlikely that the convoys may have come from ports farther to the north than St. Nazaire—either Brest or Lorient.

The action was announced in an Admiralty communique which stated that while on offensive patrol off the coast of Brittany, to the south-west of St. Nazaire, a force consisting of the British cruiser *Bellona*, and the destroyers

ON THE BRIDGE OF THE BRITISH CRUISER "BELLONA," during the action depicted in the drawing below off the coast of Brittany. Captain C. F. W. Norris (on right) is here seen with some of the ship's officers

Haide and *Iroquois* (both Royal Canadian Navy) and *Tartar* and *Ashanti* (of the Royal Navy) "encountered an escorted enemy convoy proceeding southwards. In the action which followed, the convoy and escort, numbering seven ships in all, were destroyed. Later, another convoy was encountered off St. Nazaire, but escaped into the port."

From the course of the first convoy, it is obvious that it was attempting to reach Bordeaux or, at any rate, a port south of the Loire from which communications with Paris are still open. It is thought probable that the convoy was attempting to evacuate priority No. 1 technical personnel who could not be flown out, and also possibly small, easily transportable, but invaluable equipment.

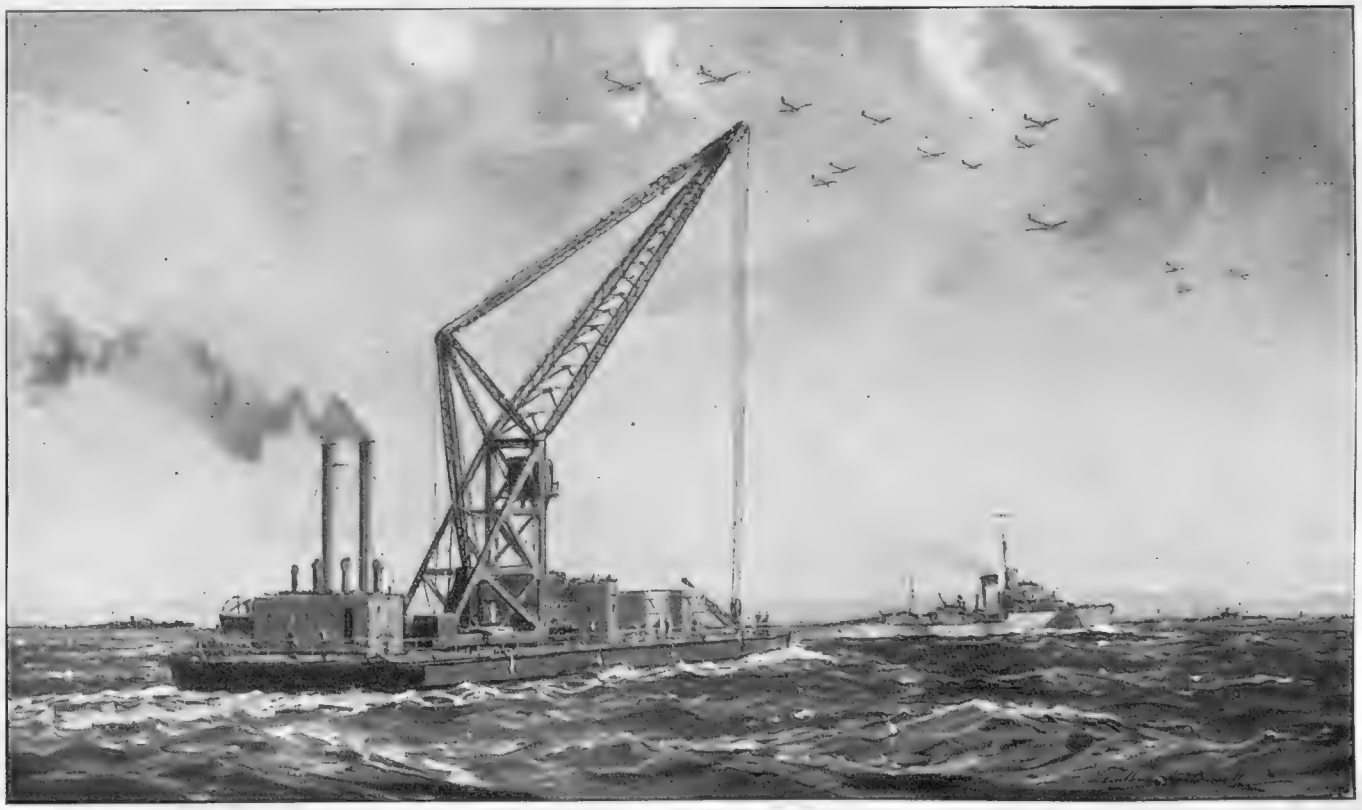
THE DESTRUCTION OF AN ENEMY CONVOY OFF THE COAST OF BRITTANY: Seven German vessels attempt to escape from French ports as the American forces surround their bases on land, but are intercepted by the Royal Navy and annihilated. The scene as the enemy ships were sent to the bottom of the Atlantic: in the distance are the British cruisers and destroyers which carried out the work of destruction—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell* (See notes above)

THE TRAWLER "LILAC," ONE OF THE NAVY'S MINESWEEPERS, SIGNALS TO HER "CHUMMY SHIP" AS THEY CROSS THE CHANNEL ON THEIR PARTICULAR OCCASIONS. "Lilac" is on her way back from Cherbourg; her "chummy ship" is outward bound for Normandy—*Drawing by Montague Dawson*

In the Navy, a "chummy ship" is a vessel of the same class with which one works on particular duties. *Lilac* and her "chummy" are two sturdy little vessels of 600 tons, which serve in many capacities in the Channel. They were built around the year 1930 and were purchased between the years 1935 and 1939 for minesweeping purposes: they carry one 4-inch anti-aircraft gun and a load of depth-charges. They are coal-fired and are capable of a speed of 11 knots. These, and ships like them, are now to be met with by the score in mid-Channel, crossing and re-crossing from ports in Southern England to Cherbourg and other Normandy harbours. At sea the most notable characteristic of the sweepers is their bridge and tall funnel, which rise like islands amidships. When two "chummy ships" meet, it is usual for each to greet the other with a weird series of blasts on the ship's siren

On right—"She is less recognisable as a ship than as a giant floating platform carrying a crane, but she has a funnel, a wardroom, a couple of cabins, some semblance of a bridge and an engine-room. She propels herself: she is thus a ship. She is moreover, an invasion ship. The strangest invasion ship of them all, and has just reached France from a British port—without a sailor aboard her." Such is a description of the "Craneship" shown in the drawing on the right. She is manned from stem to stern by Royal Engineers: she was built by the Admiralty, is owned by the Ministry of War Transport and is operated by the Army.

This type of craft, which is nothing more than a gigantic barge carrying a big crane, is in peacetime a fairly familiar type of vessel in large ports. Under its own power, it can go to ports unprovided with lifting facilities and assist in the unloading of a vessel. Its wide foredeck can carry a heavy load capable of being handled by its own crane, and its mobility makes it a useful and valuable type of craft. Such a vessel is invaluable for invasion purposes, particularly in such places as Cherbourg, where the enemy destroyed the wharves and cranes



A WEIRD OBJECT AT SEA: THE "CRANESHIP," operated by the Ministry of War Transport, built by the Admiralty and run by the Army. It is in reality a self-propelled, floating crane: it is here seen crossing to the French coast escorted by a British corvette
—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell* (See notes at left)

WITH THE AMERICAN ARMY

Whose Armoured Columns Broke Through the German Lines and Overran the Whole of Brittany

THE AMERICAN BREAK-THROUGH: HOW THE FIRST THRUST TOWARDS RENNES, IMPORTANT ARMOURED COLUMNS. Tanks and lorries bearing infantry begin their lightning dash towards whole of the Brittany Peninsula was soon overrun, whilst other American columns wheeled "gap," where so many thousands of the enemy were trapped

THE LEADER OF THE AMERICAN ARMIES IN FRANCE. General Omar Bradley at his roadside Command Post outside the town of Granville: a picture taken at the opening of the great "break-through" by the forces under his command

HOW THE AMERICAN FORCES WERE GREETED BY THE FRENCH as they swept forward into Brittany. This group had gathered by the roadside to watch the unending flow of jeeps, tanks and lorries go past. On the left is a burning American tank, knocked out during the advance

COMMUNICATION CENTRE, WAS MADE BY U.S. Brittany—the most sensational of the war. The eastwards towards Le Mans and towards the
—Drawing by W. G. Whitaker

After weeks of "nibbling" at the German defence line to the west of the Caen area—often very arduous work, costly in casualties—the American break-through south of the Cherbourg Peninsula at once achieved a tremendous success, and an advance unprecedented in the war on any front hitherto. After the break-through, the Americans went forward in a series of tremendous leaps, and it was possible for the correspondents at the swiftly-moving front to report that it was now "wide open" and that the U.S. armoured columns and infantry were going ahead over unmined roads and across unbroken bridges towards Rennes, a vital key-point. From here the Breton Peninsula was quickly overrun, the ports and naval bases used for four years by the Germans being invested after their communication lines by land had been cut. The American tanks and lorries went ahead at a great rate, charging enemy gun positions and strong-points in their path and sweeping all opposition aside. The retreating German transport had been strafed from the air, and everywhere wrecked armoured vehicles and dead horses lay by the roadside. The French populace lined the roadways and cheered as they watched tanks, mobile infantry and guns pour by in one of the fastest pursuits in the whole of military history. Then, the Americans brought up fresh columns, to turn eastwards and extend a strong pincer arm towards Caen and Falaise, to form a "gap" through which von Kluge's trapped divisions struggled to retreat

ONE OF A COLUMN OF CAMOUFLAGED M7 TANKS operated by the Americans blasts away at German positions near St. Pois during the early stages of the great advance

THE CAMOUFLAGE UNIFORMS which have just been introduced into France by the American Army. The vehicle is a half-track used to transport infantry

PRISONERS TAKEN BY PROPAGANDA. These Russian soldiers, captured by the Nazis and forced to fight against the Allies, gave themselves up to the Americans after leaflets in Russian had been fired to them

THE WAR HAS PASSED BY THIS FRENCH VILLAGE. A peasant now pedals with unconcern along the bomb-pitted road through the village which is again quiet and peaceful, although wrecked buildings mark where the bombers and artillery have been at work. The picture was taken by a reconnaissance plane of the Eighth U.S. Air Force, flying at very low altitude and skimming over the roof-tops and climbing to pass the trees Soon the peasants will have returned to their homes in full force

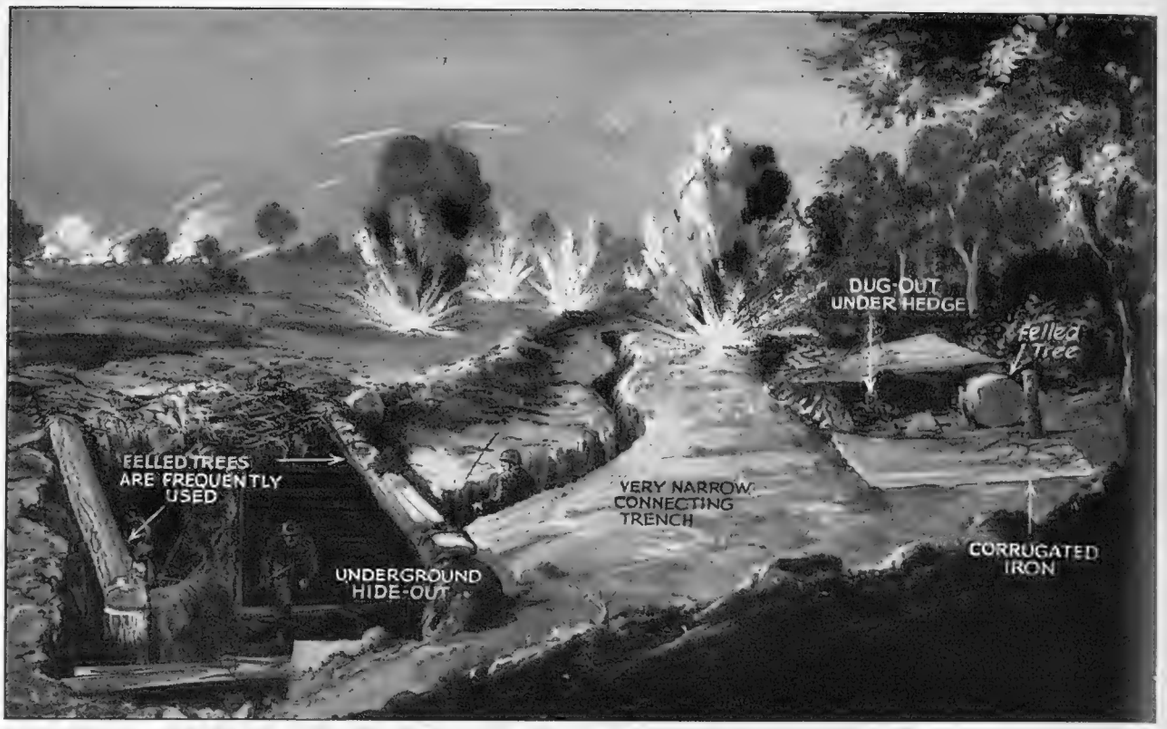
HOW GERMAN TROOPS SURVIVE the ALLIED BOMBARDMENTS

By Digging into the Ground and Weathering the Storm in Underground Hide-outs

In the fighting around Cassino in Italy, and now during recent operations on the Normandy front, certain German positions and strong-points have been subjected to the heaviest air bombardment. The four-engined "heavies" have dropped some of their biggest bombs on targets right in the enemy's front line, and it would seem that nothing could live through such a pounding with high explosives. Correspondents who have witnessed such attacks from a distant viewpoint have gasped at the weight of the assault. May-Sur-Orne may be taken as an example of what occurs. This Normandy village was one of the targets of the thousand Lancaster and Halifax bombers which opened the big offensive around Caen by dropping tons of bombs on the German defences. All who saw that attack would have wagered that the defenders of May-Sur-Orne could not survive such a deluge, but they did.

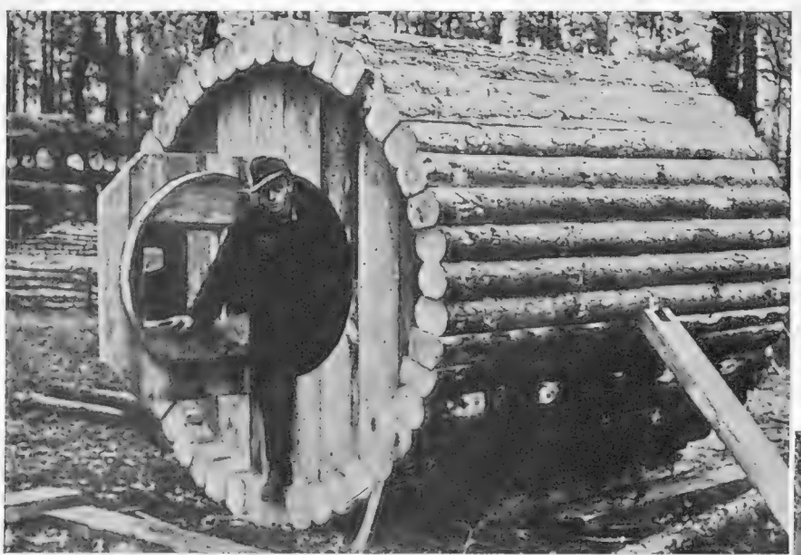
The drawing given here shows how it is that the German infantry and machine-gunners can resist these terrific poundings by hundreds of tons of bombs. The Germans are now digging a very narrow type of trench, which is only wide enough for one man to stand in; to left and right of this are "foxholes" and dug-outs which form an important part of the defensive scheme. Felled trees are often employed in the construction of these: the trees are cut through and allowed to fall forward, to form a side protection over which camouflaged netting can later be placed. Corrugated iron sheeting may also be used.

So long as the Allied bombers are overhead, or so long as the guns are firing, the Germans keep below ground. As the first waves of Allied infantry advance, however, they emerge from their shelters and are ready to fight it out with the attackers



A TYPICAL DEFENCE-POINT IN THE GERMAN LINE. The dug-outs and hide-holes are supplemented with very narrow trenches barely wide enough to let two men pass. During a heavy bombardment the German personnel remain below ground, only emerging when the Allied troops advance to the attack—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

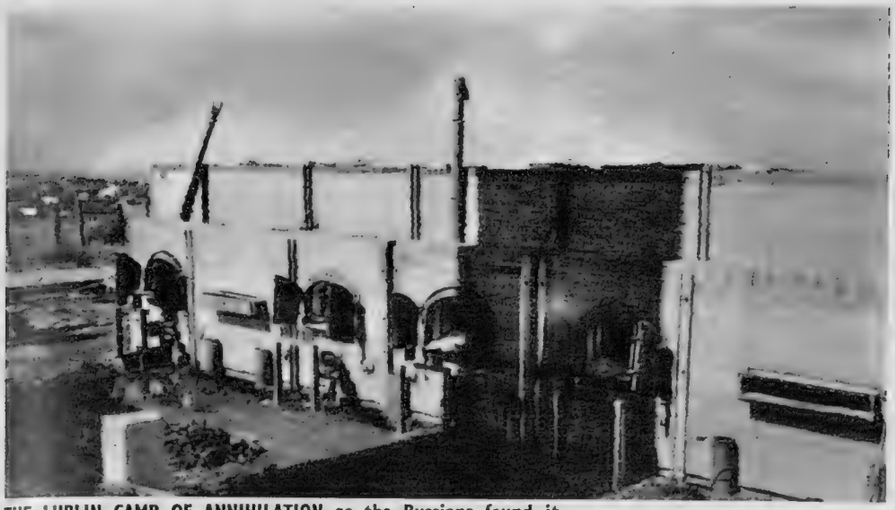
A STRONG-POINT DISCOVERED IN THE TOWN OF CAEN. This was built of concrete: it provided the Germans with a strong central fortification from which they put up a great resistance



THE LATEST TYPE OF GERMAN "BUNKER": This has been constructed from logs: "it is now being used on the main fighting line on the Eastern Front," say the Germans. The bunker is stated to be portable, and it provides sufficient protection for a crew of four men after it has been placed underground

ANOTHER OBSTACLE IN A NORMANDY VILLAGE. Tree trunks which have been felled to delay the advance of tanks. This obstacle was also "covered" by concealed German snipers

FOUND IN A HEDGEROW IN THE ST. LO SECTOR. This is how the Germans had dug in behind the hedges for their gun positions and then had dug down deeply to make log-covered "fox-holes" for their men. These could not be blasted by anything but direct hits by heavy artillery: this was impossible to accomplish, however, as the positions were protected by the earthen foundations upon which the hedges have been grown. The whole of the St. Lo sector was prepared with great skill, with every hedgerow converted into a German strong-point. Veterans have declared that warfare in this region was worse than the trench-fighting of 1914-18



THE LUBLIN CAMP OF ANNIHILATION as the Russians found it. The cremation ovens in which the Germans daily burnt the bodies of their victims

On August 14, Konstantin Siminov, well-known Russian poet and dramatist, published the first part of his account of the Lublin Concentration Camp, known among the Germans as the "Camp of Annihilation," where thousands of men and women of all nationalities—Poles, Russians and Ukrainians, as well as many thousands of Jews—were tortured and killed. Built over an area of 25 square kilometres, the camp was not intended to provide permanent accommodation for the inmates, and the barracks were cleared just as fast as the prisoners could be killed. Some of them died of hunger and disease, but the favourite method of killing was by gas. The bodies were cremated in the huge ovens seen above

RADIO PICTURES from RUSSIA

A WOMAN OF THE RED ARMY, at her traffic-control post in the city of Bialystok, receives a nosegay from a girl after the liberation

GENERAL YEREMENKO, C.-in-C. of the Second Baltic Front, directing an operation during the advance of his army towards Riga

THE RED ARMY LIBERATES THE TOWN OF KOVNO (KAUNAS). Soviet self-propelled guns are here seen passing through the streets of the Lithuanian capital after its capture by the Soviet on August 1. At once the Russians continued with their march westwards

RUSSIA'S TANK MARSHAL AT THE EAST PRUSSIAN FRONT. Marshal Rotmistrov (on right) giving orders to officers of his staff

Rotmistrov is the Red Army's outstanding expert on armoured warfare: he is now directing the Soviet tank divisions fighting their way towards the East Prussian border. Wherever the Soviet High Command shifts the main weight of the attack, Marshal Rotmistrov takes over the direction of the armour. He was mentioned throughout the war—in the defence of Moscow, in the great Stalingrad victory, the defeat of the German summer offensive of 1943, and at almost every major victory in the present all-out Soviet offensive. His tanks smashed through at Minsk, at Molodechno, at Vilna, and now they are on their way to the home of the Junkers

LVOV (LEMBERG) CELEBRATES ITS LIBERATION. Peasant women present the traditional bread and salt to N. S. Kruschchev, Ukrainian President, and Marshal Koniev, Commander of the First Ukrainian Army, after the capture of the great fortress-city

THE RUSSIANS CROSS THE RIVER NIEMEN: Troops of the First Baltic Army, under the command of General Bagramyan, pressing on towards Tilsit

SOVIET TANKS PRESSING FORWARD to the approaches of Warsaw, with infantry of the Red Army riding on their backs

LEADER OF THE PRO-SOVIET POLES: Edward Boleslaw Osubka-Morawski, President of the Polish Committee of National Liberation and Director of the Department of Foreign Affairs

THE FLYING BOMB

An Artist's Impressions made from Actual Incidents during Recent Days

—Drawn and Described by S. W. Cleaverworthy

(Artist's Copyright in U.S.A. and the Western Hemisphere)

1. THE PILOTLESS PLANE IS PURSUED OVER SOUTHERN ENGLAND : The flying bomb, looking small and flea-like, as it hurtles at great speed towards London, comes into view from behind the roofs and speeds quickly away. A moment or two later, first a Spitfire then a Thunderbolt shoots after it, but are baulked of their prey by the imminent end of the run—as indicated in the drawing. This incident is evidence of the pertinacity of fighter pilots who, having in this case picked up the flying bomb too late, have thus followed it, far inland, in their eagerness to destroy it

2. DANGER PASSED ! The bomb explodes a good way off : The pillar of smoke—about a mile away—rising from the explosion, while the fighters (now mysteriously joined by an unnoticed third) whirl back and climb to resume their patrols. The aircraftman cyclist grins up at the fighters in the first picture, and then shelters (somewhat quaintly) behind a telegraph-pole in the second. A civilian cyclist stops, not intending to go any nearer till the thing has burst, and then resumes his way. The sharper-eyed of the pedestrians point out the flying bomb to each other. One or two careful people run across to the cover of the elms ; but mostly they calculate that in this case it is unnecessary. The motorist, realising from the general attitude that he is already going away from possible danger, carries on. The milk roundsman, now expert, slips on the brake in case his horse is startled by the bang and shake, and shelters behind the float. *That* one over, he releases the brake and resumes his deliveries

3. HOW THE EXPLOSION LOOKS TO THOSE NEAR BY : Just 300 yards away—when you look *up* at the smoke instead of *at* it ! This amazing dirty-grey column is flung up in a matter of moments by the explosion ; it is filled with brownish pulverised mortar, plaster, soot and dirt from smashed houses. The lower bank of smoke billows out across the adjacent road. With the strike still nearer, one would be in this incredibly grimy, gritty dust cloud itself, and would then not be able to see more than two or three yards in the enveloping fog of it. (Since this incident the houses seen on the left have been razed, the trees withered, and the houses on the right badly damaged)

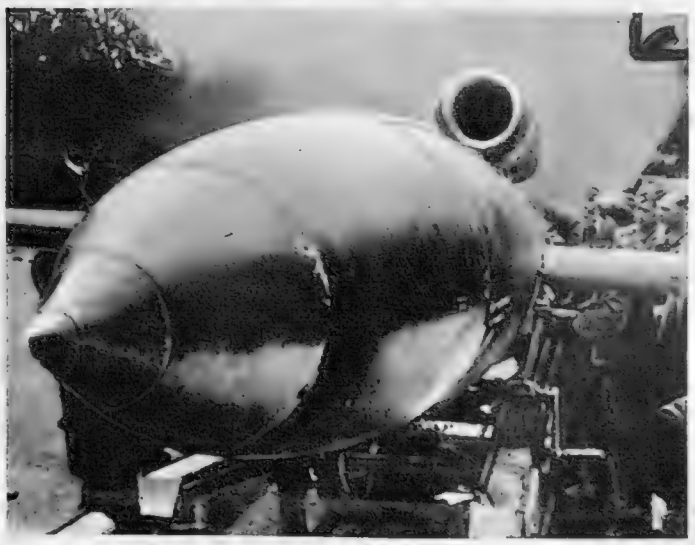
4. A FLYING BOMB SEEN IN EXACT PROFILE DURING ITS LAST DIVE at a distance of about one-third of a mile. Its course is indicated by the continuous line from right to left

5. **AS MANY LONDONERS HAVE SEEN THE UNWELCOME VISITORS AT DUSK:** With a truncated cone of flame shooting out behind the jet-propulsion unit, a most unpleasantly near visitant shoots across one's vision in the half-light when it has wakened one with its harsh, grating roar. "Flaming hell-hounds" and other such fanciful terms have been applied to them by the Germans, not altogether inappropriately, as those who have experienced them at such close quarters will testify. This, and the following pictures, were taken from the front or back windows of the same house in Southern England

6. **REACHING THE END OF ITS 150-MILE-LONG JOURNEY:** When the flying bomb is observed to dive in daylight, and after its roar has finished, at a steeply foreshortened angle, in the near neighbourhood, the missile looks rather like a falling insect, and it appears to be deceptively harmless. Frequently, at the end of its run, it cants gawkily over on to one wing-tip

ONE OF THE FLYING BOMBS tearing across the Channel at more than four miles a minute. A picture taken with a camera fitted to an aircraft of the Air Defence of Great Britain

7. **THE INCANDESCENT GLOW IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT, caused by the flashes from the jet-propulsion unit as the flying bomb hurtles past**



IN A FLYING-BOMB LAIR IN FRANCE: A nose-on view of the missile on its launching platform. The background to this picture has been deleted by the German censor

On left—It has approached levelly from the right, as indicated. Then the jet falters and gives out, when the bomb, as shown, appears to stall momentarily, its nose rising as if the gyro control was making a final effort to hold it level. It then tilts sharply earthwards and goes down in a straight dive at an angle of about 35 degrees. Out of dozens of examples the artist has never observed any smoke from flying bombs. This may be less evident near the end of the run. In this case (as pictured) a thin residual trail was apparent streaming from the extinguished jet; it showed as a long silvery wisp because it was lit by the rising sun behind. After the jet has failed, the buzz or roar is heard no more as it begins to fall; but the downward rush can be heard as a whirring sound. If you are near enough to hear this, you are in the danger zone; if the whistling fades, the dive is carrying it away from you. If, however, you hear a heavy, "steaming," tearing rush, your premises are practically certain to suffer serious damage. Occasionally the behaviour of the flying bomb is erratic, possibly due to partial crippling by A.-A. fire or fighters

Above—Promptly following the warning klaxon at the nearby warden's post, a clear, oncoming buzz is heard, rapidly intensifying. A searchlight wavers out low, and then on the flying bomb. A second searchlight swings across the first, to indicate by their intersection the exact position over a wide area; then, travelling with it, others take over in succession, thus indicating the direction it is following. The searchlights do not illuminate the bomb, as has been stated, this being as nothing compared with the intense light of the jet itself. At a distance, this very bright spot appears almost to be travelling along over the tops of the wheeling searchlights. In this incident depicted here, the dazzling big light of the flying bomb suddenly flashes out from behind the far roof, and the faint searchlight-beams are almost erased from the dazed vision. The drawing shows another characteristic: the fitful little lights appearing in windows as people inspect their rooms to see if windows or ceilings have suffered after an explosion!

NEWS PICTURES from MANY QUARTERS

Showing War Incidents from Washington to Delhi

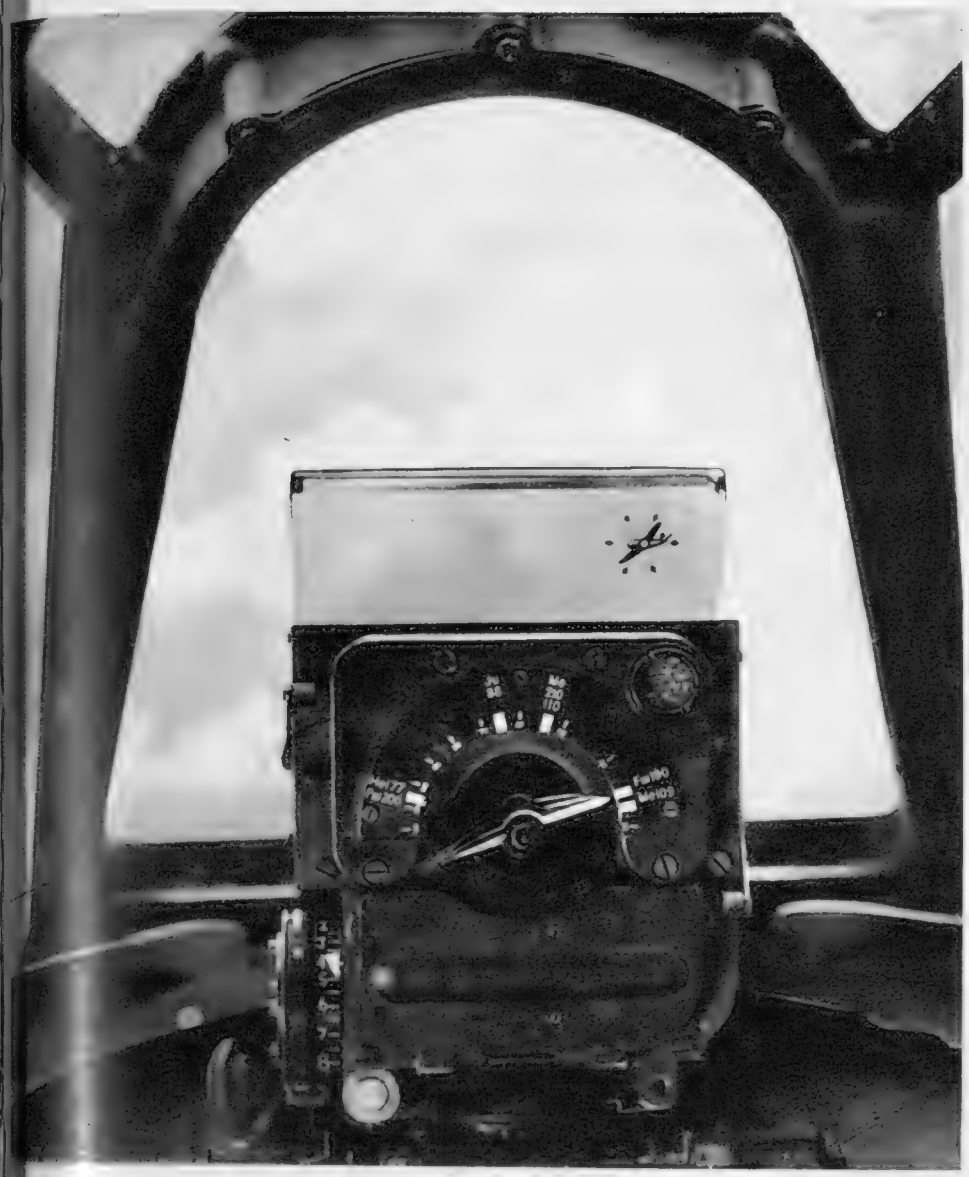
GENERAL DE GAULLE during his recent visit to New York : This picture has just been received in London from the United States. It shows the French leader as he stood with upraised arms on the steps of the City Hall acknowledging the tremendous ovation given him by the great crowd that gathered to witness his official welcome. The General had flown from Washington to the La Guardia Airfield, outside New York, and was received at the City Hall by the Mayor and other dignitaries

TITO DICTATES TO HIS SECRETARY AT HIS HEADQUARTERS : Marshal Josip Broz, better known as "Tito," is the Yugoslav Partisan leader, now actively engaged in operations against the Germans in the Balkans. A short while ago he displaced General Mihailovitch as Minister of War in King Peter's Government-in-exile. Tito's secretary, Olga, is the daughter of Ninchitch, who was Foreign Secretary in King Peter's Cabinet and an anti-Partisan : but Olga herself is married to one of Tito's Partisan adherents

LADY TEDDER PREPARES A WELFARE CENTRE FOR THE MEN IN FRANCE : The wife of the Deputy Supreme Commander is here seen in Normandy, where an eleventh-century castle has been taken over for use as one of her now-famous Malcolm Clubs for airmen of the Second Tactical Air Force. She visited the castle to talk to the men of an R.A.F. Airfield Construction Unit who helped to build a stage and carry out alterations. Lady Tedder is here seen chatting with L.A.C. Ben Jolly, a former coal-miner from Blackburn ; the other men in the picture come from Liverpool and Glasgow

THE FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE NEWLY-BORN ICELAND REPUBLIC : Recently, after a plebiscite of all the population, the people of Iceland declared for an Independent Republic. For centuries they have been a part of the Danish Kingdom. In solemn ceremonies in the open air, held on the Parliament Plains (the Thingvellir), Iceland's 1,000-year-old Althing, or Parliament, passed the law making the change demanded by the Icelanders. Here, from the steps of the Government House, the first President of the new Republic, Svein Bjornsson, speaks to the nation during the ceremonies. In uniform in the doorway is Agnar Kofoed-Hansen, Reykjavik's Chief of Police

A FIRST PICTURE OF THE NEW GERMAN ONE-MAN TORPEDO : This is the weapon which the Germans say was "used successfully against the Allied Invasion Fleet in the Seine Bay." It had previously made its appearance at Anzio, where a number were captured by the Allies. (These were illustrated in recent issues of *The Sphere*.) Amongst other "successes" of the one-man torpedo, the Germans claim that they sank a British cruiser off the Normandy beaches. The man seen in the driving-seat, above the actual torpedo, is described as "First Private Walter Gerhold"



THE WONDERFUL NEW BRITISH GYRO-GUNSIGHT : In this position the pilot is attacking at 400 yards and is turning hard to port to keep his correct shooting position. The efficiency of our fighter aircraft has been doubled as a result of the introduction of the new British gyro-gun-sight. This has brought about a revolutionary change in aerial fighting. Fighter pilots may now open effective fire on their opponents with the speeds of each aircraft upwards of 400 miles per hour, at ranges of over 400 yards and at angles of deflection which were considered to be impracticable only a few months ago. The sight consists of numerous electrical units supplying information to a sighting-head which is immediately in front of the pilot. On the sighting-head there is a glass screen 4¼ ins. x 2½ ins., known as the reflector, on which the pilot sees the graticule and through which he sees the enemy aircraft. The pilot has only two adjustments to make to the sight as he goes in to attack. Firstly, by turning a lever he "informs" the sight of the type of aircraft he is attacking. He also "informs" the sight, by turning a twist grip, which is incorporated in the throttle at his left hand, the range at which he is attacking. These seemingly simple procedures automatically feed the correct electric currents into the sight. Whereas in previous sights the aiming graticule or ring was fixed, the graticule on the new sight, which consists of six diamonds arranged in a circle around a centre spot, moves on the reflector as a result of his or the enemy's manœuvres, and the graticule also expands or contracts according to the adjustment of the twist grip. On going in to attack, the pilot adjusts the diameter of the moving graticule, so as to contain exactly the wing span of the enemy aircraft. With his hand on the throttle as he shortens his range, he drops his wrist to open the graticule, at the same time keeping the central aiming dot on a vital part of his opponent. In doing this the pilot knows that the sight is correctly making all the necessary deflection allowances required to register hits

A NEW W.A.C. CHIEF TAKES OVER IN INDIA : The Countess of Carlisle is the new Chief Commander of the W.A.C.(I). She is already at work at her headquarters in Delhi. In this picture she is seen at her desk : standing beside her is one of her staff officers—Junior Commander D. Kapila, of Lahore. The W.A.C. in India is the counterpart of our own A.T.S.

AN AMERICAN PROPAGANDA SECTION AT WORK IN NORMANDY : This "broadcasting company" is calling on Germans in St. Malo to surrender to the Allies. When the picture was taken, enemy snipers were still operating in the streets of the town, hence the guard armed with rifles. The Americans have achieved considerable success with this method of "psychological warfare" in both Normandy and in Italy

THE PANIC PARTY—Hitler with his Party Chiefs after the Assassination Plot : Mussolini, the fallen Dictator, had arrived when this picture was taken ; and the Führer's hand still sported a strip of sticking-plaster. The occasion was a conference with Mussolini and high-ranking German authorities and officers shortly after the abortive bomb plot on Hitler's life. From left to right above are seen—Grand Admiral Doenitz ; Foreign Minister von Ribbentrop (back to camera) ; Hitler ; Reich's Leader Bormann ; Mussolini (on right) ; and Reich's Marshal Goering

ANOTHER GERMAN GENERAL IS CAPTURED IN FRANCE : He is Lieut.-General Karl Spang, the fifty-eight-year-old Commander of the 266th German Division, and he was captured recently near Brest. He is the third enemy Commander to fall into our hands in Normandy. When this picture was taken, the General was seated inside an American armoured car, ready to be conveyed from the battlefront for interrogation. Note the American helmet with which he was provided by his captors

LOOKING after the ANIMAL POPULATION

One Hundred Years of Veterinary Science in Britain—what it Has Achieved, and what it Still Has to Achieve

Described by CHARLES GRAVES

THOUGH much publicity has been given to the fact that 1944 is the 250th Anniversary of the Bank of England, no real attention has been drawn to this year's centenary of the foundation of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons. Perhaps this is not surprising. Whereas the Bank of England's importance has increased out of all recognition since its birth, the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons has remained largely static and Olde Worlde. It is true that its numbers have more than doubled—there are now 2,312 vets. in Great Britain, compared with a round 1,000 in 1844, but look at the numbers of doctors and surgeons in this country. On January 1, 1944, there were 71,882 names on the Register of the British Medical Council, and though, unfortunately, the Council's records do not go back a century, it is safe to presume there were not more than 16,000 practitioners in 1844. So, while the vets. have increased by something over 1,000, the numbers of doctors and surgeons have been enlarged by 55,000.

What is the reason for this? It is true that the agricultural animal population of this country has dropped since Victorian times, while the human population has doubled and trebled in the past century, but one can go further. There is too little incentive. The profession of veterinary surgeon has never stood very high on the social ladder; there has never been a veterinary baronetcy much less a peerage, while the individual earnings of the vet. are surprisingly low. The late Sir Frederick Hobday, who raised a quarter of a million pounds for the Royal Veterinary College, died a comparatively old man, but left well under £10,000, although he had the best practice in the country. I am further assured that there is only one country vet. in Great Britain who earns over £2,000 a year, and that £500 a year is the average income. Vets. are very hard-working men who have to cover miles of country for very small fees. When I was in North Wales last week, I could find no trace of a vet. along the whole coast of Cardigan Bay from Criccieth to Towyn, though I was told of one living inland at Dolgelley; and yet Merioneth is a purely agricultural county, with thousands of sheep and cattle, as well as the usual assortment of horses, dogs and cats.

It is clear that something will have to be done to increase the number of vets. in this country if the promise of Mr. R. S. Hudson, the Minister of Agriculture, that the Government proposes to maintain after the war a healthy and well-balanced agriculture as an essential and permanent feature of national policy, is to be kept. "The need of adequate attention for maintaining the health of our livestock, particularly our dairy herds, has become more widely recognised. We are satisfied, therefore, that in the changed circumstances, the best possible training for the veterinarians of the future is of vital importance to agriculture and numbers substantially greater than at present will be required," he wrote as long ago as last year. This was, indeed, a belated recognition of the facts disclosed five years earlier in a White Paper.

It was in 1938 that the Committee on veterinary education in Great Britain announced that the livestock population on agricultural holdings in the United Kingdom numbered in 1937:

Over 8,500,000 head of cattle.
Over 25,500,000 sheep.
Over 4,500,000 swine.
Nearly 70,000,000 poultry.
About 1,000,000 horses.

It was also estimated that the value of the output of livestock and its products in the United Kingdom was £191,000,000, of which cattle, calves, milk and dairy products accounted for slightly over £100,000,000. The Ministry of Agriculture itself placed the total annual loss from diseases in farm livestock in England and Wales at about £30,000,000, of which £12,000,000 was in the cattle and dairy industries. What is more, 58 per cent. of dairy cattle leaving their herds were disposed of on account of disease; the average productive life of dairy cattle was 4½ years, only half of what it should have been; 40 per cent. of the cows were infected with bovine tuberculosis and about the same proportion with contagious abortion. After this report was published, the National Veterinary Medical Association placed the national annual loss from four major diseases of cattle at £20,000,000, of which milk accounted for the loss of £12,000,000. No wonder the public is now getting only 2½ pints a week!

It is perfectly evident from this that there are not enough veterinary surgeons in the country. The official estimate that another 220 a year for the next few years would be adequate seems optimistic to a degree. It is true that statistics can be made to prove almost anything, but look at the number of vets. on the Continent, according to the latest information supplied by the Allied Post-War Requirements Bureau. Compared with the 2,312 vets. in Great Britain, there are over 8,000 in Germany; while the percentage of vets. per million of the population in Great Britain is 50 compared with 143 in Norway, 278 in Denmark, and 170 in Switzerland.

If it is argued that this proves nothing and that what really matters is the number of vets. per million of large and domesticated animals, you find that in Great Britain there are 94 per million compared with 140 per million in the Netherlands; 148 per million in Denmark; ·149 per million in Czechoslovakia and Germany; 191 per million in Belgium and 247 per million in Switzerland. The reputation of Swiss milk and Danish dairy produce is high enough to suggest that the health of an agricultural industry is largely in proportion to the number of its veterinary surgeons.

The question is how to increase those numbers in Great Britain; how to recruit a better type of man; and how to train them to the best possible advantage. It takes five years to make a vet. At present there are four schools, in London, Edinburgh, Glasgow and Liverpool, but with the exception of the latter city, there is no tie-up between the schools and the universities. If veterinary schools could be placed on the same level as medical schools at the Universities, a real start could be made. But this is not enough. It is necessary to have animal hospitals which the veterinary students can visit, in the same way that medical students "walk" the wards of the big teaching hospitals. There is, I believe, an animal hospital in Camden Town, but this, naturally, does not have cattle and farm horses among its "patients."

It is estimated that the capital sum of £2,000,000 and an annual overhead of £200,000 would cover the cost of producing the extra 220 vets. per annum. Among the recommendations in the White Paper is one that bursaries should be provided for veterinary students, so that no boy or girl from a training centre preparing to be a veterinary surgeon shall be precluded from training by lack of means. Graduate scholarships should also be made available. All this would come under the £2,000,000 capital outlay and the £200,000 a year recurring expenditure. Considering, however, that the country is said to be losing this £30,000,000 a year in livestock and livestock products owing to animal diseases—the bulk of the loss being ultimately preventable—it looks as though we are spoiling the ship for a ha'porth of tar.

The veterinary profession is guardian of the health of the vast population of livestock on our farms; is responsible for a large part of the nation's health; is an important factor of national security; and has a prophylactic function in relation to human health. (Most people realise how tuberculosis is spread by bad milk, and how children grow up weedy and under-nourished if they do not have enough pure milk.) Yet little or nothing is done to encourage it.

Veterinary surgery is naturally of great antiquity; but compared with human medicine it has progressed very little. One of Aristotle's books was devoted to veterinary medicine, and in this country a Trade Guild was organised in the fourteenth century. Later, the practise of the art in the country deteriorated, and by the end of the eighteenth century it had fallen into disrepute. In 1844 a Royal Charter was granted to the graduates of the two veterinary schools in London and Edinburgh, declaring that the practise of veterinary medicine was a profession. Further Royal Charters were granted between 1876 and 1932, and the Veterinary Surgeons Act was passed in 1881.

THIS IS "WILLIE": he is a bull terrier, and he is the constant companion of General Patton, who it has just been disclosed is the Commander of the American Third Army, which has made the recent sensational armoured thrusts in Brittany and Normandy. Willie is now with the General, pursuing the Germans through France

THE PEASANT AND THE DONKEY—a scene from Normandy. This French refugee had to leave his cottage when fierce fighting took place near Le Beny Bocage. When he returned to his home, his donkey bore on its back all his household possessions

In those days the duties of a vet. were primarily to look after cattle, horses, sheep and pigs. The smaller animal population of Great Britain was negligible compared with to-day. There were, of course, more donkeys and ponies than in 1944, but the gigantic increase in the number of cats and dogs was never contemplated. To-day there are over 3,000,000 dogs licensed in this country; to which must be added all puppies under six months old, together with all farm dogs, hounds and other types.

Nobody knows how many cats there are in the country, but it is safe to say there is one per three households throughout Great Britain. How on earth can the vets. be expected to look after cats and dogs, in addition to their primary preoccupation of acting as animal practitioners to all the cattle, sheep, pigs and horses in the country?

It was, indeed, only eighteen years ago that a chair for canine surgery was established at the Royal Veterinary College. Even this seems to have been started primarily because farmers were inclined to supervise more and more of their calving and lambing, and the unfortunate vets., losing their normal countryside practice, felt obliged to look elsewhere—in urban areas—to increase their income.

Altogether, it looks as though a new profession might well spring up after this war—the profession of the animal practitioner who confines himself to cats, dogs and other urban animals, like costermongers' donkeys and ponies. It would take a great weight off the shoulders of the vets. and would enable them to devote the whole of their hard-working activities to safeguarding the country's dairy herds, and the like. In this way they might save much of the millions we are losing at present. They might make us much less dependent on the produce of that exceedingly unpopular country, the Argentine.

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this publication should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export

THE AMERICAN GENERAL IN COMMAND OF THE ALLIED FORCES IN THE SOUTH OF FRANCE: Lieut.-General Jacob L. Devers. The Invasion forces are under the supreme command of General Sir Henry Maitland Wilson, who is in charge of the whole Mediterranean theatre of war: the immediate "fighting" Commander is General Devers, of the U.S. Army. At the end of the last war he held the rank of Captain. A few weeks after the outbreak of war in 1939 he was made Chief of Staff at Panama, and was given his first "star" at the age of fifty-one. Since then he has commanded the U.S. Armoured Force, and he succeeded General Andrews as Commander of the American troops in Europe in May 1943. He gave up this post to become Deputy Supreme Commander in the Mediterranean

PERSONALITY PAGE

British and American Officers in Command of Allied Operations in France and the Far East

GENERAL DEVERS IS DECORATED BY KING GEORGE during his recent visit to Italy: The man who is now leading the armies in Southern France was present during the King's tour of the fighting front in Italy in his capacity as Deputy Supreme Commander in the Mediterranean. The King bestowed on him the title of Knight Commander of the Most Honourable Order of the Bath. General Devers is a West Point man, where he graduated in 1909. He is now fifty-seven years old, is married, and has one daughter, who is married to an American Army officer

A NEW COMMANDER for the U.S. First Army: Since the appointment of General Omar Bradley to the command of the newly-formed Twelfth United States Army Group, Lieut.-General Courtney H. Hodges (*above*) has been made Commander of the U.S. First Army in France. He has seen thirty-four years of Army service

GENERAL GEORGE PATTON again at the front: It was recently announced that he is in command of the U.S. Third Army, which cut off the Brittany peninsula, and then went on to occupy Le Mans and other important towns. His promotion to the rank of Major-General (his acting rank is Lieut.-General) was confirmed by the U.S. Senate a few days ago

THE MEN WHO ARE DIRECTING AIR OPERATIONS AGAINST THE GERMANS: During the long months before D-Day, these British and American officers were engaged for long hours in this room planning the coming Allied air operations. From left to right, they are—Air Marshal L. N. Hollinghurst, Major-General H. S. Vandenberg, Air Marshal Sir Arthur Coningham, Air Chief-Marshal Sir Trafford Leigh-Mallory (in front of wall map), Lieut.-General L. H. Brereton, Air Vice-Marshal H. W. L. Saunders and Air Marshal Sir Roderick M. Hill

GENERAL KOENIG, Leader of the French Forces of the Interior: He is the man who was imprisoned by the Nazis for resisting the Germans with his garrison after the Fall of France. He escaped from prison, and then sprang into the news by his fighting defence of Bir Hakeim. General Koenig was born in Caen in 1898. He is now working from London

THE MAN WHO COMMANDS THE SUPER-FORTRESSES: Major-General Curtis E. Lemay, who has taken over the operation of the B29 Super-Fortresses in the China-India-Burma theatre. Until recently General Lemay commanded a Heavy Bombardment Division of the 8th Air Force in England

NEW LAMPS and OLD

A Fortnightly Causerie on Life and Letters

By JOHN GORE

THE KING'S ENGLISH.—A great deal is written about this business of writing and speaking the King's English even in such busy times as these. There is no doubt about it that a very moderate proficiency in the art is hard to attain.

English novelists who have received distinctions and accolades for their literary merit have sometimes failed to reach even the higher standard set for schoolboys, and *that* at the end of their careers as novelists—Sir Hugh Walpole, for instance, whose sloppiness on occasions might have made an intelligent schoolboy blush. All allowances, no doubt, must be made for people whose profession requires that they be constantly engaged in constructing sentences. They write in all sorts of moods and conditions. That is true of journalists, who deserve praise for a reasonably high average of competence under conditions which need not affect novelists and other writers of books who can better choose favourable conditions and have much more time for revision.

Even the perfect Jane, who, heaven knows, had time and to spare, could be remarkably loose in her grammar and syntax, and it would be quite easy to compile a black list of defaulters among the classic novelists and biographers and historians of the past century. I am very sure there are excuses. Until only "the other day" the art of writing was almost totally neglected even in the best public schools. Certainly I came empty away. A little English grammar was all that was offered me. I never was invited to hear, study or appreciate a piece of good English prose; I was never given the simplest hints as regards punctuation, paragraphing, redundant adjectives, revision, and so forth.

There are many proofs that the subject is difficult to teach, for clear-headed, polished writers who have compiled manuals on the subject never seem at their best in these books. It is quite likely that they become self-conscious, the terror of themselves committing one of the gaffes which they are warning their readers to avoid may well cramp their style.

"Q.'s" was a sunny nature which adorned and coloured much of what he wrote, but his essays on the art of writing are sometimes almost dull and often obscure. Stevenson, the perfect stylist, loses most of his limpid simplicity, and is far above the heads of the average writer, with his webs of fabric and patterns of sounds and pauses, his illiterations and other studied devices. Pearsall Smith is largely philology, Alford is a string of instances and of "don'ts." Mais, writing for schools, covers perhaps too much ground and tries to deal with too many subjects in a small book.

Skiff or Trireme?—I doubt whether that moderate proficiency which the professional writer requires can be attained from the classroom or the manual, at their best. It is a matter of constant practice, trial and error, careful revision and the closest personal study of acknowledged masterpieces, read and re-read, anatomised and appreciated.

Style in prose writing may be found among the ornamental writers and the terse: Tacitus or Macaulay, Stevenson or Captain R. F. Scott. Yet the cardinal rule—which seldom prefaces the manuals of teachers—must ever be: to say what you intend to say without inserting a single word which does not carry its full weight in making exactly clear that meaning.

You get that perfection in the description of Pilate's betrayal:

"He went immediately out and it was right" (St. John: xiv. 30);

and you get it perhaps in Macaulay's picture of Warren Hastings at the Bar:

"The culprit was indeed not unworthy of that great presence. He had ruled an extensive and populous country, had made laws and treaties, had sent forth armies, had set up and pulled down princes. And in his high place had so borne himself, that all had feared him, that most had loved him, and that hatred itself could deny him no title to glory, except virtue."

The first instance is a lonely skiff seen through a magic casement, and fraught with a wealth of imagery. The second is an eight-oared boat in which every oarsman pulls his weight. Both achieve their objects.

For you and me, and for the times we live in, in the fashion of thought of our day, the former is perhaps the better form at which to aim. I do not say it is the easier. It is perhaps worth noting that in the Bible you can find matchless examples of both methods, from Isaiah to St. John.

For you and me, living when we do, I repeat that the skiff is more likely to complete the voyage than the eight-oared boat.

But the man who rows the skiff must look over his shoulder, know the shoals and snags ahead and the shortest route to his objective. For proof of this we must turn to the untrained writers of action. Captain Scott knew what he wanted to say and said it in the simplest and fewest words. And he left behind some few pieces of fine prose. Highly trained writers, from Tacitus to Masefield, have done the same thing. But amateur Macaulays are apt to flounder in a sea of purple and come out flaccid and muddy.

Bastards and Redundancies. — The Romans had a short word for the antithesis of war—"pax." Our Elizabethan ancestors usually used the word "peace." It is worth examining why so many reasonably educated writers and speakers to-day prefer the alternative "the conclusion of hostilities." Now, if the Brains Trust has taught me one thing it is this: that even highly intelligent, trained minds do not accomplish clear, limpid English, extempore. On the contrary, they stutter, correct themselves, often fail to finish off simple sentences.

As prose, a critically examined recording of the things they say would be no great improvement on the average family conversation round the schoolroom tea-table. A fair specimen of this last form of dialogue is not in truth language at all. It is a kind of spoken shorthand, on the dot-dash principle of the Morse code. Hardly a sentence is ever finished or bears any trace of construction. It is pock-marked with "you knows," "I mean to says," "reallys," "whats" and other signals of distress.

It is probably true that a sense of the difficulty of expressing thought by selecting words and constructing sentences from those chosen words hampers orators and writers not fully trained and leads them to fall back on the phrases of officialese and journalese, on the assumption that such stock phrases must mean something (said or heard), and at any rate pass current in newspapers and public notices.

There is some excuse both for officialese and journalese, although the excuses are not the same. Officialese is the bastard child of "safety first." It is an attempt to leave no loophole to snipers or infiltrators, and to cover every possible contingency in the application of a law or instruction. Journalese results from tired brains, lack of time for revision or arranging ideas, or lack of something definite to say.

It is true enough that whatever a journalist may wish to say has certainly been said before, and probably better by other writers; possibly will be said the same day by several rivals.

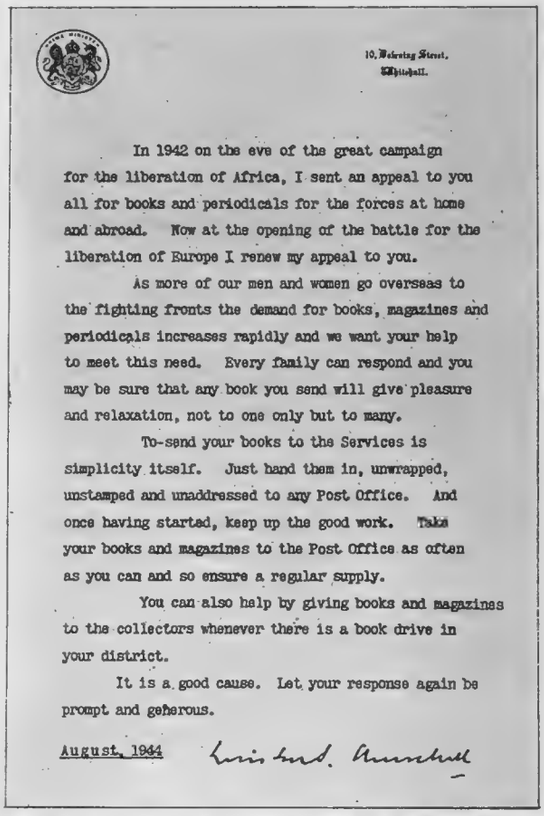
It is because new ideas are few and Press columns are many and long, that a journalist may well discover virtues in "the conclusion of hostilities" which are lacking in the sadly short word "peace"; and will make him prefer "face up to" to "face" or the well-worn "terminological inexactitude" to "lie."

The bulk of journalism, it must be admitted, is in some degree monkey trick and parrot talk, and if the intellectual is inclined to laugh at provincial journalese, he will, if he try his own hand at journalism, discover how very easy it is to copy the "common-form" phrases and the well-worn tags of Grub Street, e.g., "that 's another story," "terminological inexactitude," "plus ça change." With time to spare to revision, all these and many redundancies and errors would vanish. But time is rationed austerely in Grub Street. (There I go with a catch-phrase!)

Language never stands still. It is not right that it should do so. A static language is a half-dead language.

Catch-phrases copied from the past halt language. Modern slang and coinage, unless employed with moderation and discrimination, accelerate its evolution beyond what is needed, and so debase it. The Americans, on the whole, keep our language alive better than the British.

It is all very difficult. It is a counsel of perfection to advise mankind to say less and think more. Perhaps more reasonable advice is: Say or write nothing if you have nothing to say or write. If you should have something worth saying, give it the dignity of a decent dress; don't clothe it from the slopshop.



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August, 1944 Winston S. Churchill

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The New London Stage Productions

Reviewed by PHILIP PAGE

IS YOUR HONEYMOON REALLY NECESSARY? (Duke of York's).—The flying bombs, contrary to rumour, have not knocked the London theatre into temporary nothingness. It is true that only a small number of theatres remain open; but these are doing good business, and that number is being increased by a few new productions, one of which is a smashing winner and is gathering in the shekels in real peacetime fashion. I refer to *Is Your Honeymoon Really Necessary?* at the Duke of York's. This is a "bedroom farce" of the very oldest type, and it is a type which usually tempts me to wander sadly into the street. But on the rare occasions on which these things are good, they are very good, and this is a really first-rate specimen. Much is owed to the acting, particularly of Mr. Ralph Lynn and of brilliant Miss Enid Stamp-Taylor, a true comedienne with a presence and a personality redolent of the hard-boiled, handsome Gaiety girl of the 'nineties (though not for one moment do I suggest that she is actually of that vintage!).

Keep Going (Palace).—It would be pleasant to hand out to this production all the eulogy the pluck in risking it in these perilous times may possibly deserve. I fear that, on the whole, it is not a very good revue. Far too much of it, indeed, is rather poor. But Miss Betty Astell, who has devised, written and composed most of it, and who also sings her own songs in a pleasant voice, can be congratulated on having hit the bull's-eye occasionally. Good spots are a sketch about grand opera, the fine comedy work of Miss Phyllis Monkman, the ballet dancing of Miss Lulu Dukes, the comic charm (for there is such a thing) of Mr. Billy Tasker and the radiant vitality of Miss Roberta Huby. A distinguished colleague has, I notice, suggested that this young girl combines the talents and allure of Miss Ginger Rogers and Miss Betty Grable.

Ballet.—Whatever may be the opinion about the things leaping through the London sky just now, there is almost unprecedented enthusiasm for people who leap about the London stage. Ballet has never been so plentiful or so popular. Vastly successful seasons have just concluded at the New Theatre (Vic-Wells) and the Haymarket (*Ballet Jooss*), and these companies will, I hear, shortly return. An International Ballet season is also soon coming to the Adelphi. The plucky and indefatigable Mr. Jay Pomeroy is now running a "Lunch-Hour of Ballet" scheme at the Cambridge Theatre, which looks like having the success it beyond question deserves.

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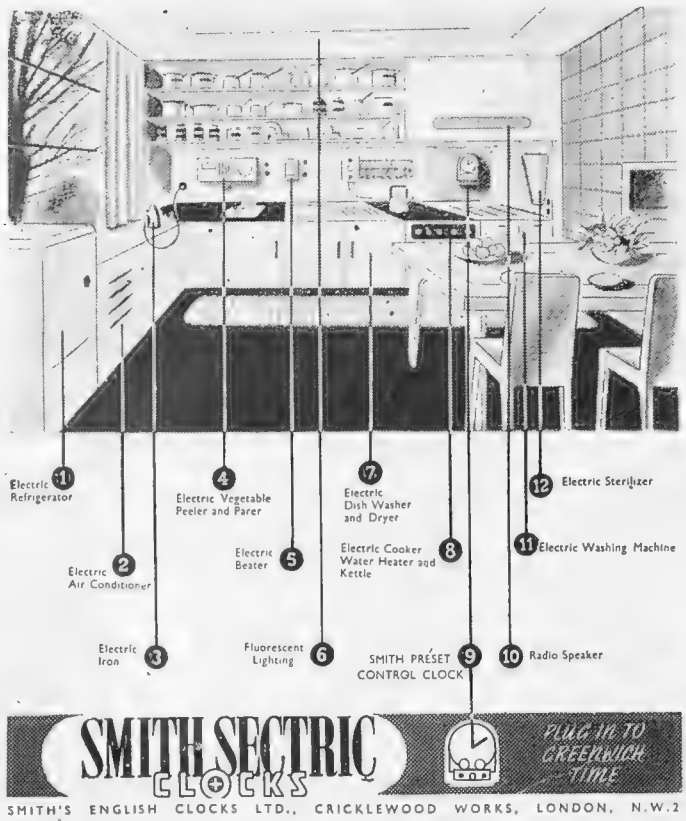

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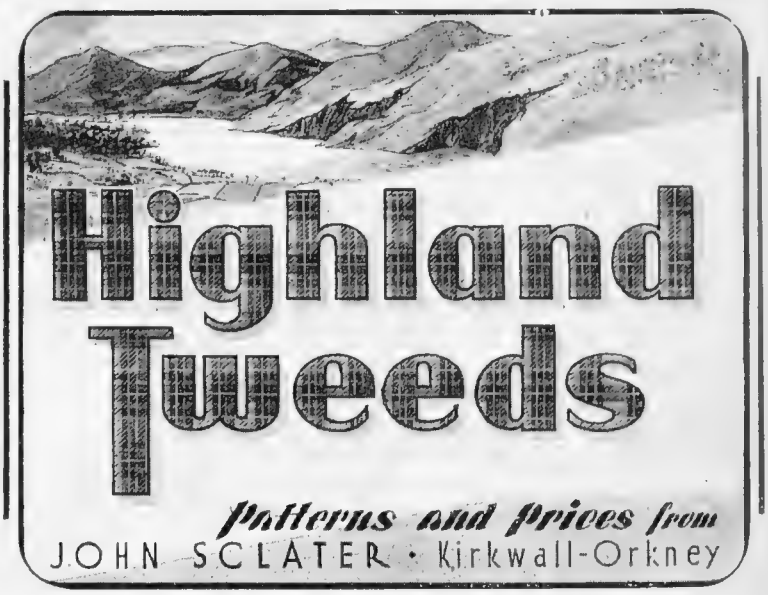

Give your natural beauty

SPRING BLOSSOM *freshness*

Beauty is Skin Deep — that's the most important thing to remember about beauty care. Research by Atkinsons cosmeticians into means of enhancing beauty and preserving youth have now resulted in this lovely new cream — Skin Deep — which contains the very elements that keep your skin *naturally* young, supple and free from blemishes. But Skin Deep keeps on working when nature, for one reason or another, relaxes. Use Skin Deep every day to give you a soft, satiny base for make-up; it holds powder with fascinating smoothness all day long, and because it is softening and improving your complexion all the time you have it on, Skin Deep produces see-able results almost at once.

★★ Use skin deep at night too

For every woman over 20, nightly use of Skin Deep is essential. It sinks right into the skin to do its good work, and is easily and readily absorbed even by the most sensitive skin.

NEW—a real beauty discovery

ATKINSONS

Skin Deep

BEAUTY CREAM

5/10 *(including tax)*

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If ifs and ands were pots and pans . . ."

. . says the old nursery rhyme, "there'd be no work for tinkers." And if every child had a real home and loving parents there would be no work for us. Unfortunately there are still only too many children being badly treated or otherwise in need of wise and loving care. Since war began we have accepted 10,000 children, each one of them sorely in need of our help. Our picture shows just a few out of all these thousands. Will you help us to keep them happy and open our doors to others?

10/- will keep one of them for a week.

Any help (however small) gratefully received by the Secretary.

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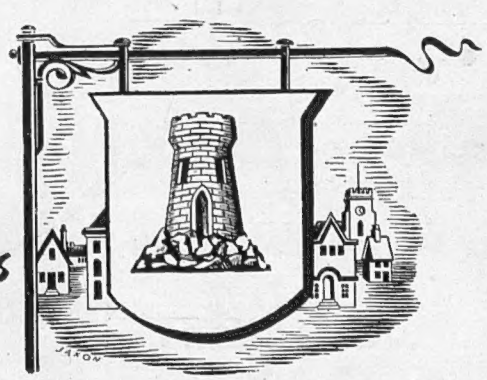
sign of the times



RED TOWER LAGER

The Toast of the Five Kings

ONE of the most famous ceremonial toasts—that of the Vintners "Prosperity to the Vintners Company"—is drunk to the accompaniment of five cheers in memory of the occasion when five crowned heads dined with the Vintners—Edward III, King of England; David, King of Scotland; John, King of France; the King of Denmark, and the King of Cyprus.

Schweppes*

Table Waters

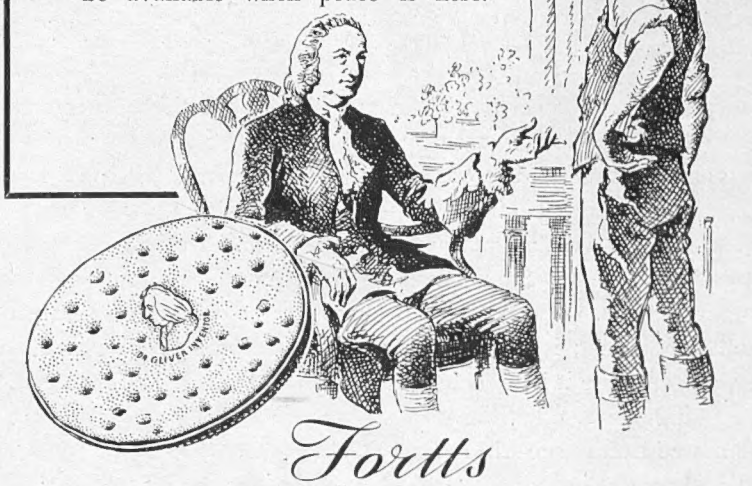
famous since 1790

★ Temporarily giving place to the standard war-time product—but Schweppes quality will return with Victory

KIA-ORA looks forward!

"I GIVE YOU THE RECIPE, MY GOOD ATKINS . . . "

Dr. Oliver's bequest to his favourite coachman, just prior to his death in 1764, gave to the world a biscuit which has never been equalled for crispness and quality—*Bath Oliver*. War-time conditions make them a little scarcer today, but full supplies will again be available when peace is here.



Fortts
ORIGINAL
BATH OLIVER
BISCUITS

BY APPOINTMENT TO THE LATE KING GEORGE V

HOPE
IS ON THE HORIZON

LET us take heart. Let us sound a clarion call of hope. Cancer is NOT incurable. Caught in its early stages, this dread disease *can* be arrested—even cured. Some patients walk out of The Royal Cancer Hospital at Fulham Road, London, every week . . . discharged . . . free to embark on a new and often unhoped-for lease of life. Isn't that something to be proud of?

Only by unrelenting research, grim patience and dogged endurance has such progress been possible. As generously as you have helped us in the past; please help again. For only with YOUR help can we continue to fight the good fight until Victory is won.

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(FREE)
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THE PENDENNIS HOTEL
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The ROYAL CLARENCE HOTEL, Exeter
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SAUCE DIABLE

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